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JULY 6, 1979

W. F. Buckley Jr. on
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A TRIBUTE TO HARRY V. JAFFA

CHARLES KESLER

Also In This Issue:

Berenson ♦ Sobran ♦ Crozier
Simon ♦ Hart ♦ Evans
Reynolds ♦ Haessler

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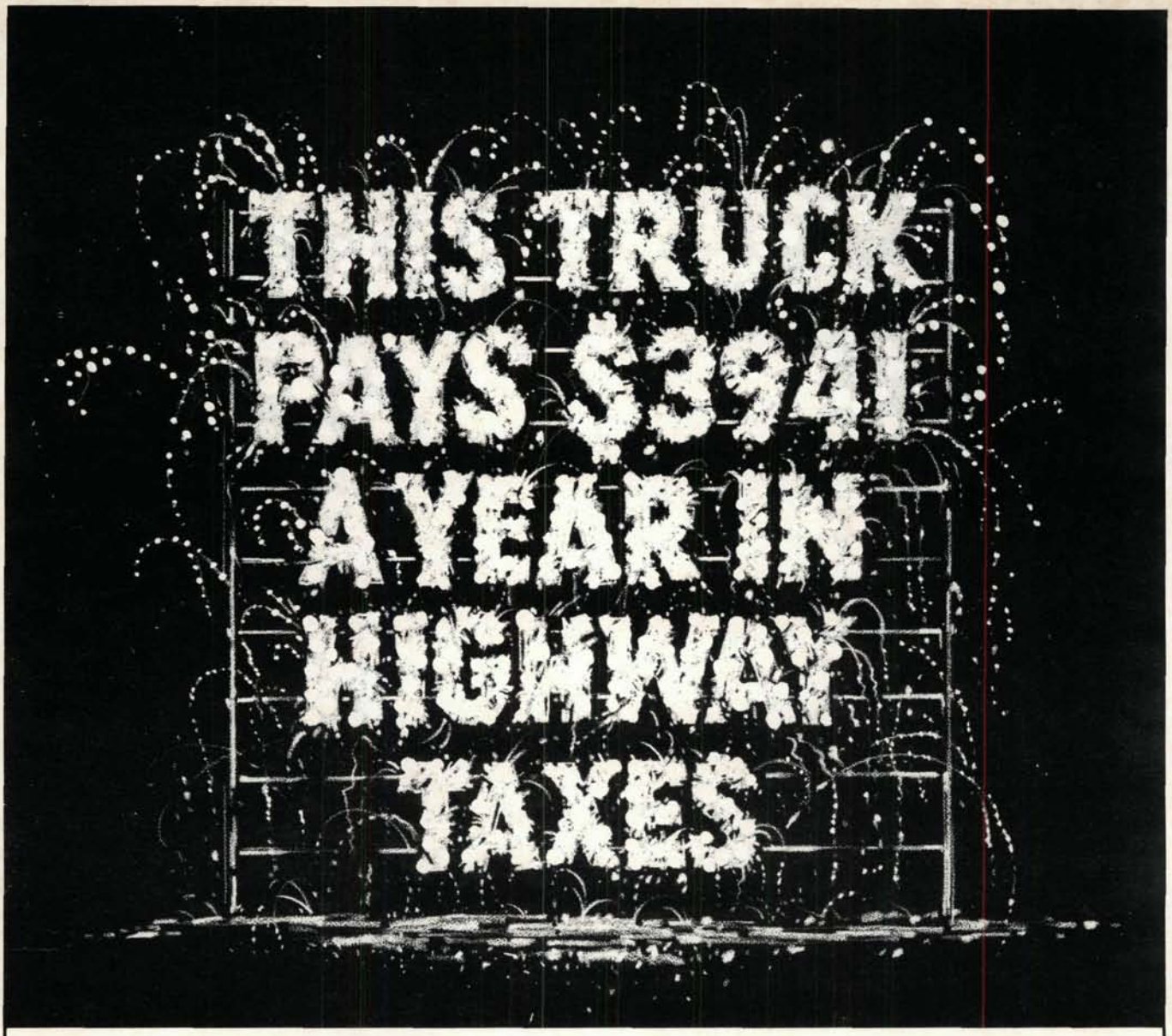

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JULY 6, 1979
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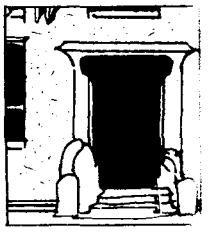

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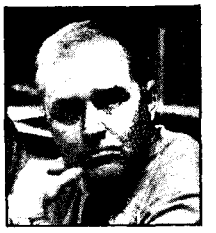

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850 **A Special Meaning of The Declaration of Independence**
Conservatism is usually thought of as devotion to the past for its own sake. To Harry V. Jaffa, however, it means commitment to specific rational principles of government. His own commitment has been unfashionable, fearless, and incisive: he has found his principles in the writings of men many conservatives abominate: Locke, Jefferson, and above all Lincoln. Most daringly, perhaps, he has insisted that liberty and equality are not only compatible but correlative. Herewith an introduction to the thought of one of our finest political philosophers. *Charles Kesler*

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas; conversion by Joel Levirne

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Letters

Make Love, Not War

NR is doing a good job on SALT II. The July 22 volleys ["What SALT I Was All About" and "SALT II: No Meeting of the Minds"] were especially good as summaries of the SALT debate, its history, and the assumptions made by the U.S. and the Soviet Union in agreeing to debate.

I have a suggestion for your next SALT piece. Norman Hannah hinted at the point when he wrote, "All the world wants peace and disarmament, but SALT is neither." For too long, the Left has been attacking SALT opponents as "warmongers," or something equally profound. Let's squash this notion forthwith. Conservatives want peace as much as any liberal. We just think peace is better served by adequate defenses, not by imbalanced treaties. Marshal the arguments, editors.

John Johanssen
St. Cloud, Minn.

Mind-Bottling

It may surprise *NR*'s editors ["The Week," May 25] to know that the increase in Michigan's beverage prices may *not* be due to its "ecologically enlightened" beverage container deposit law. Similar price increases occurred in Vermont and Maine after passage of their bottle bills. After repeated failure of the beverage industry to justify its prices, the states' Attorneys General suggested a price-fixing investigation. Bingo! Down came the prices.

Even though the beverage industry has a distinct political interest in sabotaging the deposit laws, a number of Michigan wholesalers have declared that prices will come down after the adjustment period, just as they have elsewhere. Refilled containers are inherently cheaper.

Meanwhile, the Michigan deposit bill and similar laws in Oregon, Vermont, and Maine continue to cause the recycling of thousands of tons of aluminum and steel, and the refilling of billions of bottles each year, thus conserving energy and reducing our demand for imported metals. They reduce beverage container litter on highways by 75 per cent. They do all this through the conserving actions of ordinary citizens rather than tax-financed government programs. Is that so bad? Does *NR always* have to see a conflict between the goals of conservation and conservatism?

Mike A. Males
Helena, Mont.

Insidious or Invidious?

It seems to me that among the many types of dishonesty journalists practice, the most insidious and, therefore, the most deceptive is that method perfected by *Time*: shaping the news to suit editorial ends through subtle errors of omission; in other words, lying about the news.

I am dismayed every time I recognize this type of journalism in *NR*. Such an instance occurred in Richard Brookhiser's "Moving Portrait" [May 11]. This article was on the Philadelphia Society's meeting on "Conservatism and Libertarianism," and it had the look, feel, and smell of simple reportage. Few readers would have recognized that it was not.

Only at the very end of the piece did Mr. Brookhiser get around to mentioning the Libertarian Party. He told us that "the Libertarian Party's candidate for governor of California in 1978 received 5 per cent of the vote. . . ." Why did Mr. Brookhiser fail to mention Ed Clark by name? Doesn't winning almost 400,000 votes rate more than "the Libertarian Party's candidate"? Did *NR* fail to mention his name because it is not newsworthy, or is Clark not newsworthy because *NR* failed to mention his name?

NR reports on every jelly-brained Republican or Democrat who announces for the Presidency, but failed to mention that Ed Clark has announced for the Presidency, or that the Libertarian Party has the third largest following of any party in this country, or that if anyone is going to scare the hell out of Joe Califano it is Ed Clark and not Big Jawn.

Albert Weiner
Albany, N.Y.

I mentioned the Libertarian Party "only at the very end of the piece" because I was covering this year's Philadelphia Society meeting, not last year's gubernatorial elections. I wrote "5 per cent" rather than "400,000 votes" lest I be accused of suggesting invidious comparisons between Mr. Clark's total and Bob La Follette's California showing in 1924 (424,649 votes).

—RB

The Greatest Issue

Grover Rees put it masterfully ["The True Confession of One One-Issue Voter," May 25] when he noted that the usual arguments for legalized abortion—upon which James Jackson Kilpatrick ["A Comment"] blithely proceeded—seem silly in light of the humanity of the unborn child. The plain fact, acknowledged by medical science since the 1850s, is that a genetically unique human person is formed at the moment of conception. The child's heartbeat begins between the 18th and the 25th day of life.

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Kilpatrick seems to think that it is all right to kill a living human being in the event that 1) he is malformed, 2) he is illegitimately born (it is, of course, better to kill your children than to suffer the censure of your neighbors), 3) his existence might cause distress or psychological harm to the mother, or 4) his parents merely don't happen to want him. Jefferson's claim stands in stark contrast: that our right to life is inalienable.

Bruce A. Murray
Licking, Mo

Mr. Kilpatrick's least convincing point is his disclaimer that he is merely discussing law, not theology or morals. His entire argument presupposes either 1) that an unborn child is without vaue as a human life or 2) that, even having such value the unborn child is not entitled to any form of protection from the government —presuppositions of enormous theological and moral significance. The fact (if it is a fact) that most courts and legislatures historically have shared Kilpatrick's moral position with regard to the unborn hardly justifies that position. Nor is the value our legal tradition has placed on human life after birth justified by the fact that it has done so. This kind of positivism is a dead end.

William A. Brafford
Winston-Salem, N.C

Grover Rees's essay is compelling—but he misses the point, as does James Jackson Kilpatrick. Mr. Kilpatrick evades the overwhelming moral issue of abortion by falling back on its narrow legal justification —a form of reductionism that is appalling from a principled columnist of his stature.

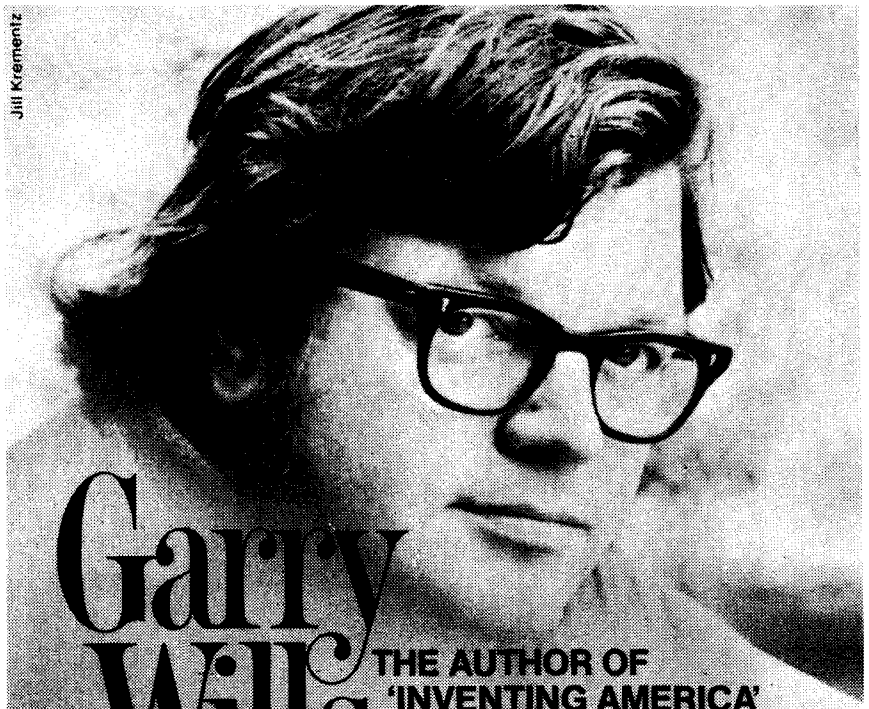
We should not try to stop the evil of abortion through a constitutional amendment. As Kilpatrick reminds us, it would not work. What we must do instead is raise the moral and ethical level of Americans' thought so that they may understand the enormity of abortion. Then most would not want to have an abortion, nor would they support the concept of unrestricted abortions.

When it comes to the contest of ideas, most conservatives have been—and are still—out to lunch. Coercion will fail in the absence of commonly held values.

Robert F. Randall
East Brunswick, N.J

Hope for Mr. Young

As one of 65 foreign observers (from 15 countries) of the universal-suffrage election in South West Africa/Namibia last December, I heartily commend Brian Crozier for his realistic view of the SWA issue ["The Protracted Conflict," May 25]. In view of its resolution designating the Marxist-led South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO) as "sole and au-



Gary Wills

THE AUTHOR OF 'INVENTING AMERICA' SHARES A PERSONAL, 20-YEAR ODYSSEY— INVENTING GARRY WILLS.

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"Wills's theme is his 20-year passage from an editor of William Buckley's *National Review*, fresh from a Jesuit seminary, propelled into the anti-war, civil rights and anti-Nixon turmoils of the 60s that expanded his horizons and got him excommunicated from the conservative camp, and finally trying to unify it all into a definition of conservatism from St. Augustine to black militants...An engaging personal memoir."
—Daniel Schorr, *Chicago Sun-Times*

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—John Leonard, *New York Times*

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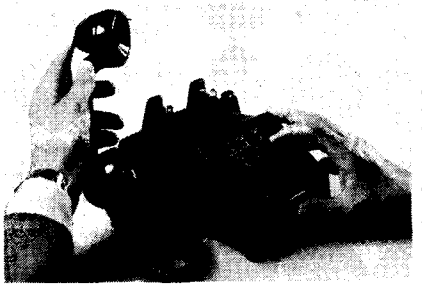

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thentic representative" of the entire SWA population, the UN obviously cannot be trusted to supervise impartially any new election in which SWAPO would participate. I was not surprised to find a widespread fear, among politically conscious people in the territory, that UN supervision would pose a threat to democracy.

A mixed UN and South African supervisory force, as proposed by Crozier, would be a much better arrangement. Clearly, South African officials in SWA have displayed far more respect than the United Nations for democratic principles. Unlike so many UN members, South Africans are accustomed to contested elections, albeit on a limited franchise.

Just before Canadian voters terminated his employment as Minister of External Affairs, Mr. Don Jamieson began—very belatedly—to display some understanding of African realities. Jamieson observed that so-called "liberation" movements like SWAPO are "very big on democracy until they see that they have to get out on the stump with the others. Then they conclude that the barrel of a gun is preferable."

If a Trudeau appointee could ultimately be driven by the facts to sound so much like Brian Crozier, perhaps we should still have hope—a little hope—even for Andrew Young.

Kenneth H. W. Hilborn
London, Ont.

For the Record

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. writes this sentence ["On the Right," May 25]: "And we dropped two atom bombs on civilians as recently as when Jimmy Carter was an ensign." President Carter graduated from the Naval Academy in 1947, so he was a midshipman at the time of Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

Brig. Gen. Carlton S. Dargusch (Ret.)
Columbus, Ohio

Down on the Farm

Thanks to D. Keith Mano for his kind words ["The Farmers' Protest," May 11]. There is more at stake in the farm-price situation than the fate of a few million farmers. If the individually operated farm vanishes, it will have only one replacement—vast corporate farms in a position to restrict production to raise prices. They would be manned by clock-punching, unionized workers with no interest in the crop on which they work, the equipment they operate, or the livestock they tend.

It is all well and good to denounce subsidies, but you should do so with impartiality. If ruinously low farm prices are tolerated in order to take pressure off food prices, then the farmer is subsidizing the consumer. Next time, aim your guns in that direction.

John Swanson
Carroll, Neb.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Robert Strauss**, former chairman of the Democratic Party—the man who put Humpty-Dumpty together after **McGovern**—says he's sure **Ted Kennedy** will bow out of the presidential race in the next sixty days or so. . . . **John White**, who succeeded Strauss as head of the DNC, hopes Kennedy will. . . . Sen. **John Glenn**, a Kennedy buddy from way back, says the folks back home are getting tired of the Senator's "coyness." "They are saying it is getting beyond the joking stage." . . . Against this is pressure from workaday Democrats who read the polls, and a number of endangered senators—**Cranston** of California, **Ford** of Kentucky, **Culver** of Iowa among them—who feel they'll do a lot better in '80 with Kennedy instead of Carter at the head of the ticket. . . . **Martin Schramm**, the shrewd *Washington Post* reporter on the White House beat, comments on Kennedy's ritualistic response ("I expect Carter to be renominated and I expect to support Carter in 1980") that those "expects" are "tossed into every comment, like raisins into fruitcake, and so they [the draft-Kennedy people] go right ahead with their plans." Schramm, then *Newsday*'s Washington bureau chief incidentally, wrote what is probably the best book on Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign.) . . . The *Washington Post* has canvassed over a thousand delegates to the 1976 Democratic convention and finds that 44 per cent of them support Carter for renomination as against 36 per cent for Kennedy and 4 per cent for **Jerry Brown**. . . . Among **College Democrats**—the youth wing of the Democratic Party—Carter's still the man. Its executive board has endorsed him for re-election.

■ Interesting: New England Republicans, spurred by **Gordon Nelson**, the Massachusetts state chairman, will hold a three-day presidential caucus in October to meet with GOP hopefuls, hear their views, ask them questions. A vote will be taken when the caucus opens and at its close on presidential preference. So far **John Anderson**, **George Bush**, **Phil Crane**, **John Connally**, **Robert Dole**, and **Harold Stassen** have agreed to attend the caucus. The organizers think **Ronald Reagan** and **Howard Baker**—both of whom have yet to announce—will also be there. . . . *Dun's Review* (June) confirms reports that **corporate leaders** are tending toward John Connally. It reports "widespread support for the Texan [Connally], just a smattering for California's Ronald Reagan, and almost none for Jimmy Carter." . . . For what it's worth, Carter's pollster **Patrick Caddell** has written John Connally off. "If it were legal, I'd bet any amount of money against Connally—and give 3 to 1 odds." . . . In California, State Sen. **John Schmitz** (who ran for President on the American Party ticket in '72) is leading the fight against the winner-take-all rule in the GOP primary. **Lyn Nofziger** of the Reagan for President Committee says it is "very clearly a ploy" by the Connally forces to pick up a few delegates. In a winner-take-all situation, Reagan would get California's 168 delegates.

Dickenson, *Punch* Rothco

"Typical—everything in triplicate."

■ Look for a protracted debate on SALT. Sen. **Frank Church**, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, says his committee won't wind up its hearings until early September. The Senate debate itself could last a couple of months. . . . The White House is worried about what position Lt. Gen. **Edward L. Rowny**, the representative of the Joint Chiefs on the negotiating team, will take on SALT when he retires at the end of the month. He is said to be very critical of the SALT provisions excluding the Backfire bomber from the count. . . . Another retiring general, ex-NATO Commander **Alexander Haig**, is also expected to go on the offensive. Haig has warned that NATO's deterrent force will collapse in the early 1980s if something isn't done to modernize NATO's nuclear weapons. . . . The kind of thing that makes any negotiations with the Russians difficult was exemplified in Vienna when **Brezhnev** was asked to help solve the Indochinese refugee situation. Response, by Central Committee member **Zamyatin**, was as follows: "The question of refugees from Vietnam is not a question of Soviet-American relations. As to Cambodia, there are no refugees from Cambodia."

■ Wistful? Before Attorney General **Griffin Bell** resigns (sometime this fall) he will take a 12-day trip to the Soviet Union to study—Soviet justice.

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THE WEEK

■ The FDA has released, as expected, its new list of suspected cancer-causing agents, including Mom, apple pie, the flag, strawberries, Chevrolets, senior proms, family reunions, Western movies, square dancing, hot dogs, baseball, holding hands, and the light of the silvery moon.

■ Remember all the terrible things that were supposed to happen to California after Proposition 13? *Fortune* reports in its current issue that the $6.4-billion property-tax cut (Prop. 13) and the $1-billion cut in state income taxes have stimulated California's economy, yielding the following: 1) personal income up 14 per cent, 2) consumer spending and retail sales up 14 per cent, 3) 552,000 new jobs in the private sector—compared with 17,000 laid-off local government workers, and 100,000 who quit or retired. If that isn't enough, add an additional $1 billion in state revenues from business and sales taxes, and undiminished revenues from income taxes despite the $1-billion tax cut. California will end fiscal 1979 on June 30 with a budget surplus of around $3 billion.

■ Lawyers for the DC-10 are ready to try plea bargaining to get their client out on bail.

■ The Freedom of Information Act allows the government to withhold public access to material "specifically authorized under criteria established by an executive order to be kept secret in the interest of national defense or foreign policy" or material "in fact properly classified pursuant to such executive order." Notwithstanding, CIA Deputy Director Frank Carlucci now contends that the CIA's eighty employees who handle the four thousand requests a year for info are undercutting our defense arrangements, blowing the cover of secret agents, conniving in "leaks for policy reasons," and giving our allies cause to withhold their info from us lest we blow their operations out of the water. Meanwhile, for two years the National Journalism Center has been trying to get the Commerce Department to release, under the same Act, the names of American firms licensed to trade with the USSR, the nature of the goods exported, and the dollar value thereof. Commerce has refused, pleading, *inter alia*, national security. The NJC (M. Stanton Evans, plaintiff) has sued in the U.S. District Court, District of Columbia. Nice move. Whichever way the courts finally rule, either Commerce will have to fess up, or CIA will be granted legal precedent to shut up.

■ The *Washington Star* has published the profits of five large oil companies (net income as per cent of equity), and compared them with the profits of—the *Washington Post*. Exxon, 13.7 per cent; Standard Oil of California, 13.4 per cent; Gulf Oil, 10.2 per cent; Texaco, 9 per cent; *Washington Post*, 28 per cent. How about a retroactive windfall profits tax on the *Post* between its discovery of Deep Throat and Nixon's resignation?

■ In January President Carter sent the Congress a "stringent budget" for fiscal 1980 (Oct. '79–Oct. '80) with a deficit of $28 billion. In May the Congress did him one better—an "austere budget" with a deficit of $23 billion. Not that the Congress' budget spends a dime less than the President's, mind you. They both plan on spending $532 billion in 1980. The Congress proved it was more austere than the President was stringent by assuming the Treasury would collect $5 billion more in tax revenues. Speaking of taxes, they are rising. That balanced budget promised for 1981 will be due to inflation's squeezing $17 billion more out of taxpayers by pushing them into higher brackets.

■ Mr. Carter has nominated Thomas J. Watson Jr. as our next ambassador to Moscow, raising harrumphs at the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, it being argued that Mr. Watson isn't a career diplomat, that he isn't a skilled negotiator, and, by others, that he may represent a "soft" line toward increased trade with the USSR. But even a career diplomat in Moscow, such as outgoing Ambassador Toon, finds himself merely "showing the flag" whilst the hard confabs take place in Washington, where the red button and the hot-lines are. And the highly successful Chairman Watson of IBM knows as much about international deals as anyone Mr. Carter could have called on. If he is known to have favored increased trade with the USSR, his predilection may serve as an allurement to the USSR to shape up other

The Reagan Campaign

The edifice looks mighty grand;
The slots are filled throughout the land;
The campaign literature's done;
The candidate's about to run.
But down below (*way* down below)
There's something moving to and fro.
It kicks and snarls and knees and neighs.
So far, the tremors fail to faze,
But few around today can be
Persistent as John Connally.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Carter's campaign to bluff Teddy out of the 1980 race may be the most sophisticated political operation we've seen the Georgians run. A steady stream of visitors to the Kennedy office has told him that his present course—titillating coyness—is "unfair" to old family loyalists, damaging to the party, and possibly counterproductive: his seductive smile freezes out alternative liberal challengers. Plainly the campaign is having its effect on EMK. He felt obliged to go public last week with the report that he has given Carter private (but still tentative) assurances of support.

Now that Carter has retooled his health insurance plan to within a dime's worth of difference from Kennedy's—thus denying to the Senator the high rhetorical ground—the White House believes that it may have succeeded, finally, in smoking out EMK.

These political upticks for Carter have been greeted with general enthusiasm among GOP strategists. With a few notable exceptions (including the analytically singular editor of this journal), Republican pros consider Kennedy to be the most popular politician in the country by a wide margin. Their polls show that Kennedy's strength transcends the normal patterns of partisan and demographic division. His appeal is almost Eisenhowerian. Outside the Republican hard-core, not even Chappaquiddick jolts the adrenal glands.

A conspicuous dissenter from the general enthusiasm is John Connally. He sees a Kennedy campaign as the straightest line between two points, Houston and Detroit. If Kennedy becomes a serious contender for the Democratic nomination, he gives the GOP delegates a reason to overlook their obvious candidate—Ronald Reagan—and reach for their best candidate. Big John looks you in the eye and tells you that, against Kennedy, the Republican Party will need its most galvanizing orator, its most vigorous partisan, its strongest leader. When he releases his grip on your lapels, there is no doubt in your mind, much less in his, as to who that candidate is.

There is another reason why Kennedy could be Connally's ticket to Detroit. In the first six months of his campaign, Connally has been a rousing success with the party faithful. He gives a barnburning speech, shakes the money tree with both hands, demands the headlines. But in political bull sessions and media think-pieces there is always a but, but . . . about Connally's personal finances. He fought his way up from the hardscrabble farm to genuine wealth in the Lyndon Johnson tradition. Which is to say that he used political power to amass and then secure his economic power. Houston is full of farm boys who now sit atop steel-and-glass buildings fondling seven-figure incomes. And most of them share a regional disdain for the Eastern style, the Kennedy style, in which economic power is used to amass and then secure political power.

Perhaps it is no more than a geographical accident, but the political reality for Connally is that the national press is an Eastern press. They believe with the conviction of faith that the Connally style is wrong and that the Kennedy style is right. Among the modern priesthood that is contemporary journalism, there is a determination to expose, to punish, and to excommunicate the heretic John Connally.

We are not implying that there is some media conspiracy to get Connally. What we are saying is that there is an organized, explicit, openly acknowledged campaign to smash his campaign into tiny pieces. We have seen it at metropolitan daily newspapers, at striving slick magazines, even among "investigative units" at the networks—a scramble among the most ambitious young reporters to win the contract on Connally. The Pulitzer Prize for 1980 has John Connally's name written all over it.

John Connally did not make it to the senior partnership of Houston's most profitable law firm by leaving himself open to his enemies. He understands full well that his "friends in the press," as he calls them, would try to convert a Connally campaign into a referendum on character, personal morals, and the fine details of private lives. All things considered, Connally has decided he's four-square behind the candidacy of the senior senator from Massachusetts. "Shucks," one can imagine Big John saying to himself, "I wouldn't want to go into all this stuff about the womanizing, the drinking, the cheating on exams, much less the problems with that sweet little Kopechne girl, but perhaps the press is right. Maybe it does have a responsibility in this area." —CATO

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areas: we need the carrot in Moscow and the big stick in Washington. Finally, he's a big man in his own right, hardly a nonentity. It is premature to conclude that he will prove incapable of serving his country.

■ Comedian Richard Pryor failed to outrage the nation a few weeks ago on Johnny Carson's show. Pryor, discussing a recent trip to Africa and the problem of crime in U.S. cities, offered the following advice: "If you want to do anything . . . and you're black and still here in America, get a gun and go to South Africa and kill some white people, and then you'll probably go in jail again, but you will be doing something besides robbing old ladies." Right. You'll be killing them. NBC affiliates around the country reported not one protest of Pryor's statement from the viewing public. Somebody might have phoned in to ask why Pryor doesn't do his own killing. Or does he?

■ Whether the new Parliament of the European Community will be another step toward unification of Europe or only another escalation of rank, perquisites, and public relations remains to be seen. The possibility of the former is enhanced because, unlike the old assembly of Common Market nations, the new Parliament was popularly elected on the basis of *supra*national political alignments and includes some stars who seem to be willing to commit their prestige, e.g., Willy Brandt, Giscard d'Estaing, François Mitterrand. The voting patterns were an encouraging reflection of the general turn from the Left toward the Center or Right. This was especially true in Britain where the Conservatives took sixty seats, while

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Labor was punished for its hostility toward Europe, receiving only 17. The three moderate parties in the new Parliament—Christian Democrats, Conservatives, and Liberals—with a combined total of 209 seats, can easily lead the 410-member body if they can work together. Also encouraging is the refusal of the 111-member Socialist wing to form a "popular front" with the 44 Communists, including Enrico Berlinguer of Italy. The first task at the first meeting, July 17, will be to adopt a formula for conducting business—where, when, and how to conduct plenary meetings as well as the committee hearings which are thought to be a key tool by which the Parliament can make its largely advisory role effective.

■ The *Johannesburg Sunday Times* has published minutes (their Pentagon Papers) of a secret March summit meeting between the leaders of Angola, Botswana, Mozambique, Zambia, and SWAPO, the terrorist organization fighting for control of Namibia (South West Africa). Perhaps some Third World D. W. Griffith will make a new *Birth of a Nation* out of it. Sir Seretse Khama, president of Botswana, began by expressing doubt that SWAPO could win a UN-supervised election. "The UN and the OAU may have been right some time ago in declaring SWAPO the sole authentic representative of the Namibian people, but we must be realistic. Things do change." Sam Nujoma, president of SWAPO, agreed. "As fighters we cannot mobilize the people, then lose the election." Nujoma also (therefore?) distrusted the UN. "If the Secretary General wants to manipulate the situation, we will go it alone and fight"—a distrust not shared by Khama: "The [UN] liaison offices are meant to facilitate the repatriation of thousands of SWAPO refugees so that they can get back to Namibia and vote for SWAPO." When it came to picking the fall-guy if the elections foundered, however, everyone was unanimous: "I want South Africa to be regarded as the nigger in the woodpile" (Khama).

Jimmy's Remark

The standards, they have fallen:
  I blush for John Paul Jones.
I cringe for Perry, hurling
  His taunt among the moans.
The clipped command of Dewey's,
  The aura that was Lee's
Are one with Jimmy Carter
  In jeans and BVDs.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ In the China of Chairman Mao workers were supposed to produce out of Stakhanovite ideological fervor. Well, the Great Helmsman is dead and so is ideological fervor. The Chinese are now experimenting with good old capitalist incentives. Kenneth H. Bacon of the *Wall Street Journal* reports that women receive face powder for superior performance. Money-saving innovations are rewarded with cash bonuses. The Chinese even plan to send a delegation to U.S. business schools to study the techniques of capitalist management. We say, Wonderful, and suggest the Chinese start at the University of Chicago and avoid Washington altogether.

■ *The New Republic* has sicced two bloodhounds—historian Ronald Radosh and journalist Sol Stern—on the Rosenberg case, who have made the following judgment. ". . . Julius Rosenberg was an espionage agent for the Soviet Union." Stern and Radosh, say *The New Republic*'s editors, "add significantly to the evidence offered by the prosecution at the trial and by writers

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subsequently. The new evidence confirms Julius' role in a spy network composed of ostensibly ordinary people whose prime political conviction happened to be a belief in the special world mission of Communist Russia." At the same time, "the government had no hard evidence of Ethel's involvement. . . . Ethel was indicted and brought to trial—ultimately executed—solely as part of the failed attempt to get her husband to talk." Not a judgment, perhaps, of which the government can be proud; the kind of judgment, in fact, that must be passed on many human actions in an imperfect world. But a judgment which blows to smithereens the leftist claptrap of the last thirty years—that Julius and Ethel were innocent liberal idealists; that the only spies afoot in the postwar world were employees of the FBI; and that the maliciousness of the USSR was a myth invented by Harry Truman, and perpetuated by rightwing peckerwoods who made it unsafe to read Jefferson in America.

■ The Internal Revenue Service has notified Elizabeth R. Tunnel of Norfolk, Virginia that she failed to file required tax returns last year on vehicles subject to highway use taxes. R. D. Yeatts of the Virginia Department of Highways and Transportation responded to the IRS this week, informing them that they had written to the Elizabeth River Tunnel—an underwater structure, not a human being, and, accordingly, tax-exempt.

■ The eighth-grade play this year at Chicago's Francis W. Parker School is called "Princess in the Woods." It is the tale of a little princess who flees her jealous stepmother and takes up residence with seven forest-dwelling dwarfs, who befriend— What? You know the story? Oh yes, it *did* use to be called "Snow White," but the folks at Parker are endowed with the kind of social consciences that just won't quit, and they decided the original title had racist overtones. Next December, they'll be dreaming of a colorless Christmas.

■ Recent economic research confirms that the price of gasoline is directly proportional to the activity of the Department of Energy, which is inversely proportional to the disgust of American drivers, which is directly proportional to the price of gasoline.

■ The DOE announces that its oil drilling operations at the Teapot Dome—remember Teapot Dome?—may have to be suspended for lack of diesel fuel to run the drills.

■ What two consenting adults do privately is their business. If Jimmy Carter wants to whip Ted Kennedy's ass, fine. But we don't want to hear about it, right?

■ A schism soon developed among the protesters, with the great majority demanding the immediate shutdown of a nearby fission reactor known to leak immense amounts of radiation into the atmosphere, but with a minority insisting that you can't get a decent tan without the sun.

■ Rumor has it that *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt is prepared to offer the Democrats one million dollars for film rights to the event.

■ *New York Times* headline: "Lutheran Panel Permits Homosexuality if Unerotic." Killjoys, those Lutherans.

Summit—or Slippery Slope

"This was the tenth time since the end of World War II that American and Soviet leaders have met at a summit," President Carter told the House and Senate upon his return from Vienna. By casting the Vienna meeting in such an historical perspective the President unwittingly invited us to reflect on how the "correlation of forces" —as the Russians call it—has shifted since that first great summit in Potsdam in 1945 when Harry Truman, together with Winston Churchill, met Stalin as the undisputed leader of the greatest colossus the world has ever known. Now, 34 years later, President Carter, only barely leading at home, returned from the tenth summit to report to Congress that under the SALT II treaty this American colossus had agreed to strategic missile ceilings which we have never reached but the Soviets have exceeded and under which the USSR "would be held to a third fewer strategic missile launchers and bombers by 1985 than they would have had simply by continuing to build at their present rate." More than that, the President reared a fearful image of the potential new colossus of the world, the Soviet Union, which is being leashed only by the SALT treaty. "Suppose the Soviet leaders build one thousand additional missiles . . . double the number of warheads on their existing missiles . . . triple the annual production of the Backfire bomber . . . encrypt all data on their missile tests . . . hide all existing missile launchers . . ." But fear not. "These things can happen only if the SALT II treaty is defeated."

"In short," Carter continued, "SALT II is not a favor we are doing for the Soviet Union. It is . . . a matter of self-interest." As portrayed by the President, SALT II almost seems a Soviet favor to the U.S., although the President did not make clear why the Soviet Union should do us such a favor. The President recalled how "President Truman sought to place the atomic bomb under international authority"—but not how the Soviet Union harshly rejected this selfless, idealistic proposal. He mentioned Eisenhower's first proposal of a nuclear test ban and Kennedy's completion of the test ban treaty —not the intervening sudden termination of the moratorium by the Soviet Union with the most frightening series of nuclear explosions in history. He recalled Ken-

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nedy's negotiation of the Test Ban Treaty—not the nearly contemporaneous Soviet erection of threatening nuclear missiles in Cuba. Thus is our national memory—like that in Orwell's *Animal Farm* and that of the Soviet Union—gradually purged of any meaning-in-depth that doesn't dovetail with the latest shallow tactic.

It is this lack of a sense of the flow of history that is the most sobering thing about Carter's report to Congress on the Vienna meeting—one can hardly call it a true "summit meeting" since apparently nothing got done at the "summit" (the treaty itself could have been signed separately in Washington and Moscow). Far more dangerous than the specific terms of SALT II was the context in which the President presented the treaty—a visionary image of heaven on earth, Wilsonianism sixty years after Wilson's failure. "From the beginning of history, the fortunes of men and nations were made and unmade in unending cycles of war and peace," intoned the President. "My fellow Americans, that pattern must now be broken *forever*." Why now and why forever? Because, "our age is unique. In the age of the hydrogen bomb, there is no longer any meaningful distinction between global war and suicide." But foretelling the Apocalypse is not policy, and it ignores the facts. Two-thirds of Europe's population was eliminated by the Thirty Years War. More to the point, Mr. Brezhnev has said that "We are firmly convinced that victory in this war would go to us . . . to the socialist system." Perhaps Mr. Brezhnev's view of Apocalypse is on the same level as his belief in God, who, he told the receptive Mr. Carter, "would not forgive us" for profaning SALT.

MX: The Dog Didn't Bark

Sherlock Holmes once saw that the key to a case was the dog that didn't bark.

When Carter decided to go ahead with the MX mobile missile, the Soviet dog didn't bark. The implications are momentous. No global propaganda campaign was cranked up against the MX, even though the MX is a major and indeed revolutionary weapons departure. A ballistic missile with multiple warheads moving from place to place in a random pattern, the MX would frustrate nuclear blackmail. *Pravda* commented perfunctorily. Concerned Clergymen were not Concerned.

But wait. Take the MX slide out of the projector. Insert the neutron bomb slide. The neutron bomb is cheap and available relatively soon. With high radiation and minimal blast, it destroys enemy personnel. It leaves buildings standing. Deployed in Western Europe, it would promise a definitive response to Warsaw Pact conventional strength, especially massed tanks. Under enormous pressure from the Soviet psywar apparatus, especially in Western Europe, President Carter refused to deploy the neutron bomb.

Why didn't the Soviet dog bark at the MX? The ominous key here consists of dates.

The Soviet military-strategic curve is up. A massive national investment in hardware begun under Khrushchev has largely paid off. At the very least, U.S. nuclear superiority has been neutralized. At the same time, the Soviets hold an overwhelming advantage in so-called conventional forces.

The Soviet economic-political curve, unlike the military curve, points down. One-third of Soviet forces are deployed in Asia, and the Chinese are not going to get weaker. The Soviet agricultural, industrial, and technological performance has been poor. Soviet oil reserves are running out—and Siberian oil will be prohibitively expensive. Demography is unfavorable. The Pope has shown the truth about Eastern Europe.

Even Soviet computers can cough up the answer to this set of problems. Before the mid-1980s, the Soviets will possess a large advantage in given strategic theaters, such as the Persian Gulf and the West German plain. We cannot threaten them with nuclear retaliation. Only the neutron bomb would have affected the balance. It is cheap, deployable early, and usable against conventional forces.

The MX, by contrast, will not come on line until

Possibilities:

Skylab. If it came down in Africa, it would cripple the Cuban Army.

The odds are that it will hit Andrew Young's mouth—easier to hit than Africa.

Skylab better hit Joan Baez, before she discredits the whole anti-Vietnam movement.

If Skylab hit Anthony Lewis' file, it might eliminate his regular "there will be no bloodbath" columns.

The thing might hit a factory making disco records. Any factory.

It might take out HEW and the IRS at the same time.

It might hit Three Mile Island.

You know, it might hit the Convention Center in Detroit and save Bill Brock from that silly decision.

Might hit the isolated California hacienda-cum-sauna where Fonda, Hayden, Newman, Brando, and MacLaine have foregathered to deplore Baez.

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the mid-1980s at best. From the point of view of the Soviet timetable, the MX is platonic. The crunch is going to come between 1980 and 1985. Carter's cave-in on the neutron bomb and on the cruise missile looks increasingly portentous.

Mao's Economic Legacy

The contrast is remarkable. Flying southward from Japan, you see below you the shimmering blue water of the Taiwan Strait. Ahead and to the left of your plane the island of Taiwan rises out of the sea, mountainous, green. It is the focus of enormous maritime activity. Long lines of ships of all kinds, freighters, tankers, fishing boats, trawlers, line up outside the harbor. On the opposite side of the plane you see the mainland, the People's Republic, vast, stretching out flat to the horizon . . . and so far as you can see completely quiet. No ships at all. No visible activity. Nothing happening.

An official document now circulating within the Chinese Communist Party provides a gloss to this symbolic vista. China faces a government deficit of $6 billion, and must slow its modernization program. Unemployment stands at twenty million. More than a hundred million people don't get enough to eat. Agricultural production lags behind population growth. Crisis looms.

The present regime blames these problems on the Gang of Four, but that ascription is Aesopian. The present problems are clearly rooted in the domestic policies of the Chairman himself, Mao Tse-tung. Mao was one of history's great reactionaries, dreaming of a peasant-based egalitarian society modeled on the traditional rural commune. In Mao's vision, this China—collectivist, puritanical, and autarchic—would hold the modern world at bay. In a totally controlled social environment, Maoist man would enjoy the reign of virtue. Productivity was an afterthought.

This was always a mad and hopeless vision, and the present regime has inherited its economic consequences. In some sectors of the economy, by their own admission, productivity has increased little at best since the end of the Civil War in 1949.

Yet one of the extraordinary phenomena of our time was the way in which the Western intelligentsia was bowled over by Maoist China. "The doctrines of the Cultural Revolution," wrote Seymour Topping of the *New York Times* in 1971, "have been translated into new Communist dogma. Under Mao Tse-tung that dogma has propelled China into a continuing revolution that is producing a new society and a new 'Maoist man.' Relative stability, prosperity, and surface tranquillity have been restored . . . The improvement in the physical condition of the people since the Communist takeover in 1949 is staggering."

"One is constantly reminded here," wrote Topping's *Times* colleague James Reston, "of what American life must have been like on the frontier a century ago. The emphasis is on self-reliance and hard work, innovation and the spirit of cooperation in building something better and larger than they have known before."

Harvard's Professor John K. Fairbank joined the hallelujah chorus, writing in *Foreign Affairs*: "The Maoist revolution is on the whole the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in many centuries. At least, most Chinese seem now to believe so, and it will be hard to prove it otherwise." Barbara Tuchman, Joseph Alsop, John Kenneth Galbraith, and countless others recorded their hosannas in print. Galbraith in 1972 found the Chinese economy "flexible, practical, and dynamic." "The Chinese economy isn't the American or European future. But it is the Chinese future. And let there be no doubt: for the Chinese, it works."

The well-known Christian charity of NATIONAL REVIEW requires that we forgo editorial comment on these suckers.

No Room at the Inn

The Communist regime in Hanoi has been practicing genocide at home and conducting demographic warfare against all of its neighbors. It has expelled roughly 200,000 ethnic Chinese, after stealing their property and variously brutalizing them. The flood of Chinese may reach one million.

In its warfare against its own people, the Hanoi regime has created a tragic exodus of "boat people," hapless wanderers in the seas of Southeast Asia. The boat people have been launching forth at a rate of fifty thousand per month, a suicide journey for the majority. In its Cambodian blitz, Hanoi created another wave of refugees, Cambodians fleeing to neighboring Thailand. Laotians, quite understandably, have joined the flood, since Hanoi has been using poison gas against hill tribesmen and otherwise observing Marquis of Queensbury niceties.

This massive and miserable exodus strains the capacities of neighboring countries. Thailand is now attempting to force the repatriation of seventy thousand Cambodians. Malaysia threatens to expel seventy thousand desperate Vietnamese and shoot any more who try to disembark.

The responsibility for these horrors rests squarely with the Hanoi regime and its Soviet sponsor. Bearing that in mind, the spectacle of President Carter smooching with Mr. Brezhnev in Vienna was, well, we search for the adequate word . . . *moving*. If American Presidents have to confer with butchers and barbarians, cannot they at least preserve some moral and physical distance? Pope Pius XII has been accused by some, unjustifiably we think, of "silence" during the Holocaust.

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But at least the pontiff did not engage in public foreplay with Heinrich Himmler.

Clearly, Hanoi's neighbors cannot bear the full weight of the exodus created by Hanoi and its Soviet patron. The record of the U.S. in receiving refugees from Southeast Asia has been good. But the problem is so serious and so large that it calls for a coordinated international effort. Now that President Carter has returned from the Vienna fiasco perhaps he can turn his hand to coordinating one.

Mrs. Thatcher's Budget

Six weeks after becoming Prime Minister, Mrs. Thatcher has presented her budget, an authentic creature of British adventure and aplomb—so adventurous, indeed, as to win praise in the editorial columns of the *New York Times* not so much for the substance of its proposals but for the swiftness with which the parliamentary system can bring about orderly revolution when the votes are there.

Mrs. Thatcher proposes nothing less than the repudiation of socialist nostrums. The new government in Great Britain will reduce the maximum income tax from 83 per cent to 60 per cent. Proportional decreases in tax rates will go into effect down the line. Personal exemptions will rise, and more than a million taxpayers will drop from the rolls altogether. As much as $6 billion will be trimmed from the budget immediately. In the next three years, simply by calling a halt to further hiring, the civil service rolls will drop from the present level of 738,000 to 588,000. To curb credit spending, the prime rate will rise—from 12 per cent to 14 per cent (Keynes's recommended maximum: 2 per cent). Controls on the payment of cash dividends will be abolished. Government borrowing will be limited, and the rate of growth of the money supply will decline (two ways of saying the same thing, in countries with paper money controlled by central banks controlled by politicians). The government will sell its shares in certain industries, notably in British Petroleum, a sale that will bring in a one-shot cash wad of $2 billion. The Thatcher government also intends to abolish compulsory closed shops, prohibit secondary picketing, and extend the use of the ballot in calling strikes.

Some of the revenue initially lost through tax reductions will be regained through tax increases—another 20 cents on a gallon of gas, taking the pump price to $2.10; and a general rise in the value-added tax (a form of sales tax) from its present rate of 8 per cent to 12 on various items to a figure of 15 per cent on those items subject to the tax. Not calculated, because incalculable, but nevertheless extremely important, is the increase in tax revenues to be expected from increased production once the people have regained the joy of keeping a larger portion of their earnings in their own hands.

The importance of offering incentives to individuals rather than "guidelines" to blue-chip companies becomes apparent when you remember that in the last ten years or so the great British corporations have lost nearly two million jobs, while small ventures (the brainstorms of individual enterprises) were creating more than a million new jobs. And there's plenty of market to be served by a newly invigorated British economy. Britain right now provides only 9 per cent of the goods that move in international trade, while 35 per cent of the goods bought in Britain come from over the water.

The budget will go through because, as noted, the votes are there. Since 1974 the Conservatives have increased their share of the labor union vote (from 22 per cent to 30 per cent), of the semi-skilled and unskilled workers (from 22 per cent to 31 per cent), of skilled workers (from 26 per cent to 44 per cent)—neck and neck with Labor now. Conservatives won a plurality among men, among women, and among all age-groups. The truth has filtered through that socialism hurts, hurts everyone, hurts the weakest most.

With a little bit o' luck, the Conservative Revolution will get Britain up off her knees. And if the U.S. continues its historic pattern of aping British policy after a certain time-lag, things may be looking up in this country too. The Statue of Liberty is a lady.

The OPEC Tax

That "windfall profits tax" turns out not to be a windfall profits tax at all—nor, for that matter, a tax on any kind of profits. It is an excise tax on U.S. oil production.

An excise tax is a tax on price, and the tax that Mr. Carter wants on oil is designed to make the Federal Government a beneficiary of the OPEC cartel. It works like this: First, a benchmark price for U.S. oil is established equal to the OPEC price at the time of enactment. U.S. oil is then sold at the OPEC price. But as the OPEC price rises above the benchmark, Washington gets half the difference. For example, if the benchmark price is $18 per barrel and the OPEC price rises to $30, the government taxes the $12 difference at 50 per cent, which means $6 a barrel for Washington.

This puts the Federal Government in bed with OPEC forevermore. The higher the OPEC price, the greater Washington's revenues. Once this tax is in place, Washington will be egging on OPEC.

Notice that this tax on U.S. oil production is progressive. The higher OPEC pushes up the world price, the greater the tax bite on revenues from U.S. wells. If the world price is $30 a barrel, the price to the U.S. producer is $24 after the tax. In this case the tax is 25 per cent of the price the U.S. producer receives. If the world price rises to $40, the U.S. producer receives $29 a barrel and the tax rises to 38 per cent.

The progressive nature of the tax means that as the world price rises the U.S. producer receives a declining percentage of the world price. The excise tax on oil

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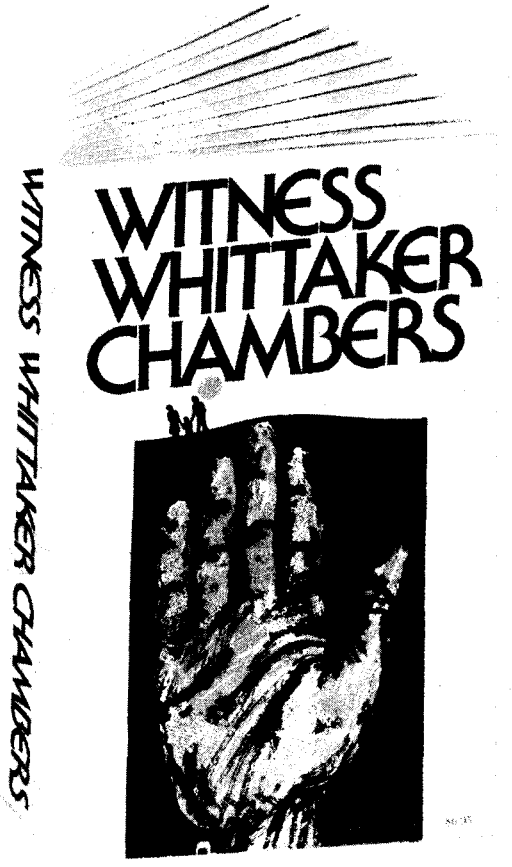
One of the great books of our time!



***Witness* is an American classic, one of the select few books that every literate conservative simply must have.** If you have read it you know how true that is; if you haven't, here is the perfect opportunity to get your own personal copy of this masterpiece in a handsome new edition for just $3.95 (see offer below).

About the book.

It's no overstatement to say that *Witness* is one of the greatest books of this century. Once you pick it up you will be hard put to lay it aside. In one sense, it's sheer spinetingling melodrama with all the elements of a superb mystery/spy thriller. Yet, it's all true, the unforgettable story of one man's lonely struggle that, in the end, becomes Everyman's struggle against tyranny and materialism (shades of Solzhenitsyn!). If you've ever wondered why so many intellectuals become Communists you'll find the answer here in this shocking account of the Communist Fifth Column in America by a man who was there, took part in it, and who names names.

As John P. Marquand wrote, "*Witness* is much more than a series of intrigues and trials. . . . No psychological novel can exceed it in interest. No study of conflicting characters under stress could go deeper with Chambers, or be more puzzling than with Hiss. The book was not written as literature, but literature it is of a high order." Amen.

Unfortunately, *Witness* has been out of print for so long that a whole generation has grown up largely unaware of the treasure that awaits them in this remarkable book. But now it is once again available, complete and unabridged, in a new high quality softcover edition. This new edition sells for $6.95 retail but you can get it for just $3.95, almost half price, with NR's new bargain offer. Simply enter this special 20-issue subscription to *National Review* (or extend your present subscription for 20 more issues, no matter when it is due to expire) at the new $14.50 rate, add $3.95 for the book, and we'll send a brand new copy of *Witness* to you posthaste. (Remember, we pay all postage and handling — another big savings for you).

So, if you don't already have *Witness* in your home make sure you get a copy now (every member of your family will benefit from this one). If you do own a copy of *Witness,* you can still subscribe or renew (something we hope you'll be doing eventually anyway) and use the book as a gift where it will do the most good. In any event, act now. Fill out the handy card facing this page and send it to us today.

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revenues is taken off the top before income taxes. The tax, then, is a rising *dis*incentive to find new oil in the U.S. Thus, the tax strengthens the OPEC cartel, ensuring a higher price and greater tax revenues for Washington.

Nicaragua

As the civil war moves toward its apparent climax in Nicaragua, U.S. policy confronts the latest version of a familiar dilemma. In the recurring scenario, an anti-Communist leader (Chiang, Batista, Diem, Thieu, Lon Nol, the Shah, Muzorewa) is perceived as flawed in one way or another. The flaws may be serious, as recent and apparently authentic testimony about torture under the Shah indicates, or they many not. In any case, the anti-Communist leader in due course meets his appointed fate . . . and his people meet theirs: Mao, Castro, Pham Van Dong, Pol Pot, the Ayatollah, and, it may come to pass, Robert Mugabe.

These consequences do not seem to trouble unduly the consciences of our most celebrated popular moralists.

At the present time in Nicaragua, General Anastasio Somoza wears the black hat. His family has run the country for 43 years, and his regime is authoritarian, corrupt, and anti-Communist. Ranged against the Somoza regime is a political *potpourri* consisting of Marxists, nationalists, businessmen, democrats.

That Somoza can hang on to power seems doubtful, and such doubts are reinforced by the spectacle of his U.S.-supplied planes bombing civilians in sectors of his own capital and in other large cities. The longer the civil war continues, the greater the likelihood that power within the opposition will pass to the armed guerrillas and to the faction receiving arms from Cuba. Soviet policy has been defeated for the time being in Argentina, Brazil, and Chile; the Caribbean and Central America provide more auspicious opportunities for mischief. It is therefore in the U.S. interest, and in the interest of Nicaragua, that the fighting end, that Somoza leave the country, and that power should pass to moderate, anti-Communist forces within the opposition.

That is the kind of thing the CIA at one time had the capacity to help bring about.

John Wayne, R I P

Ten years ago John Wayne consented to sign one of those forms we publishers so much rely upon. A picture of Wayne, with the caption in quotes: "NATIONAL REVIEW is my favorite magazine. Why don't you give it a try?" A year or two later, he sent us a copy of the form—addressed to himself. The computer age abounds in ironies. John Wayne, addressing a letter to John Wayne, suggesting that he subscribe to John Wayne's favorite magazine. He thought it all amusing enough to scratch out a note: "Bill: What do you need to be convinced?—Duke" At least he didn't threaten to shoot. But the guns he carried had, in the later years, a quite magical effect on most of his critics—his critics, until they finally collapsed, being those who believe it atavistic to settle any argument at gunpoint. He won them over. Not by seductive civic crusades, by ostentatious philanthropy, by championing gun control laws. But by surviving as a symbol of fortitude pitched against—brace yourself—Evil. There is something even in the most cynical that is engaged by the tropistic appeal of the virtuous, the brave, the free. Moreover, Wayne had an independence of judgment forcefully exercised, for instance, when to the dismay of many of his ideological friends he came out in favor of the Panama treaties, devoting to a study of them time and skills few knew he possessed. The Big C, as he branded it cheerfully and confidently, won out in the end, but in the end something always prevails against the flesh, which is doomed to reduce to ashes. The miracle is the memory: of all those villainous men dispatched by John Wayne, surely the most widely viewed executive of good causes—frontier justice, battles against totalitarian forces, the defense of the weak—in human history. His memory keeps us cheerful.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The closet was getting to be a lonely place for us crypto-conservatives, what with the homosexuals, child-abusers, and other hyphenates going public. Having resolved to do likewise (no more guilt over having voted for Hoover, no more listening to *Firing Line* with the sound turned off, no more wearing my hat down over the ears to cover my short haircut), I purchased a bumper-sticker from those fellows in Bloomington, Indiana, with the message that we BOYCOTT THE KGB OLYMPICS IN 1980. My, what an exciting week I had!

The very first day, a bedenimed youth approached me to ask whether KGB was a new radio station in town. The next customer was an earnest gentleman who asked, with ill-concealed hostility, why I wanted to stir up the cold war. Then, I was told by a young lady with sunglasses growing out of her head that I shouldn't mix religion with politics. I also received an enthusiastic, albeit unusual, salute—the right middle finger extended and pointing heavenward—from the hirsute driver of a passing van. Snubs and barbs didn't break any bones; but, yes, I was hurt when someone crumpled the bumper, ef-

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ESP

The shopping centers fade away.
No happy feet assault the malls.
Like Dali paintings, turnpikes point
To places where nobody calls.
Few can recall the trucker's honk,
The generator's friendly hum,
While I sit, happy as a clam,
Car-free within my city slum.

W H. VON DREELE

fectively censoring the BOYCO— portion of my banner.

So, Mr. B., it's back into the armoire for me, where private sins can be borne with dignity. Meanwhile, would it be possible for you to send my copies of *NR* wrapped in plain, unmarked brown paper?

Sincerely,
Allan Carter, MD
Elgin, Ariz.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mlle. Joy Alfonsi of Niles, Illinois properly corrects me in the literate use of *rien* by literate Frenchmen ["Notes & Asides," May 11]. But she is wrong about the illiterate use of *ne rien pas*. It was precisely my colloquial intercourse with Cajuns and French-Canadian lumberjacks that trapped me into my error. Never underestimate the lengths to which illiterate expression in any language can go.

Please inform your correspondent, Mr. Thomas Molnar of New York, that he is simply wrong. *Pas*, noun, means a step, pace, progress, footprint, etc. *Pas*, adverb, means no, not, not any. (See *Cassell's New French Dictionary*, page 522; Funk & Wagnalls, N.Y.; 1951.) Examples: *pas du tout* = not at all; *presque pas* = scarcely any (literally, almost not any); *pourquoi pas?* = why not?

Etymologically, Mr. Molnar is correct, but *pas*, adverb, has been a negative since at least the time of William the Conqueror. Both of your correspondents should reflect that literate expression in any language is but (nothing but?) idiom and colloquialism congealed in print and widely adopted by the educated, and contains many illogical forms that are "correct."

Humbly but eruditely,
W. M. Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In January, *NR* published an article, on gasoline consumption, that I wrote with Archie Anderson. Somewhat blurry and out-of-date photographs of Anderson and me accompanied the piece. I was pleased.

Then, in May, that same photo of me was carelessly placed with someone else's name and article. Now, in June, the visually misrepresented author of the May piece writes you, falsely accusing me of somehow plotting, causing, or inspiring your art director's mistake!

Misplaced, insulted, my integrity unjustly questioned merely to maintain someone else's hard-won reputation for eccentricity—I suspect that this is not the usual post-publication sequence. Worse still are the economic doubts. Since your unsettled correspondent went directly from allegations and disparagements to a straightforward promotion of himself, I wonder if I am owed residuals, the same as would be an athlete whose name graced the blurb on a box of cereal . . .

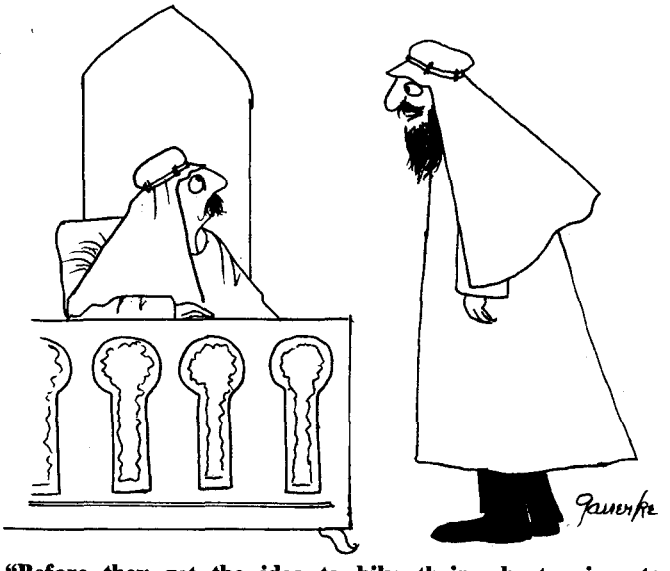
Though I was never a whole-hearted supporter of OSHA, this episode has made me curious as to the sort of safety program you have for *NR* contributors. Will I start coughing next?

Yours,
Mitchell Koss

OK, you guys, knock it off. Mitchell R-o-s-s and Mitchell K-o-s-s a) both write for NATIONAL REVIEW, b) both attended the same high school, and c) have absolutely nothing else in common other than that goddam picture, which has been DESTROYED. WFB

■ Bill: Should you mention in N&A Joe Sobran's new syndicated column? He's got a dozen or more prestigious papers, from the *Washington Post* on down and out. Pitts

We hail the debut of Senior Editor M. Joseph Sobran as a syndicated columnist, and reflect, as so often, on the culture lag between NATIONAL REVIEW and the national press. —WFB



"Before they get the idea to hike their wheat prices to the degree we've hiked our oil prices, I propose we buy the State of Iowa."

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Death of a Myth?

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

Is Eurocommunism fading away? One hears this question a lot these days, but there is a logical flaw at the heart of it: the assumption that there is, or was, such a thing as Eurocommunism in the first place. Can the unbegotten be said to be an endangered species?

As with all such creations of Western newsmen, "Eurocommunism" has its uses and abuses. If taken to refer to the evident wish of certain West European Communist parties to be thought to be distancing themselves from Moscow, it does no great harm. To the extent that it was assumed—as many people who ought to know better did assume—that somehow the prefix "Euro" meant that these parties had actually ceased to be Communist, it was dangerously misleading.

I feel a kind of wry sympathy for Communist leaders in prosperous Western Europe. Their dilemma is insoluble, their credibility gap probably irreparable. When Lenin's Program of the Communist International declared in 1924 that "the capitalist system as a whole is approaching its final collapse," the message was that the collapse was *imminent*, not that the hated system was going to be alive and kicking 55 years later.

By Leninist tenets, World War II and the collapse of the European colonial empires ought to have brought the system tumbling down at last. For wasn't imperialism "the final stage of capitalism"? Instead, little Holland waxes rich after unburdening itself of its colonial jewels in the East Indies, and France's GNP soars after costly colonial defeats in Indochina and Algeria. True, ex-imperial Britain is in the doldrums, but everybody can see that this sad decline is the result of a generation of welfare socialism, not of the loss of India and the other bits of the map once painted red.

Khrushchev Started It

Worse still is the tarnishing of the Soviet Union's image as the home of the world's first workers' revolution. The international Communist movement has never recovered from Khrushchev's denunciation, in 1956, of selected crimes committed by Stalin. And each time the Western public seems to be lulling itself into forgetfulness, Russia's rulers jolt it back to reality with a Hungary, or a Czechoslovakia, or a Solzhenitsyn.

In this harsh world, what is the leader of a Western Communist party to do? Violent revolution seems to be out (it was tried in Portugal some years ago, and failed). That leaves subversion and the ballot box. With subversion, you can do quite well in Britain, where the people are as a rule only seasonally interested in politics: you can worm your way to the top in mighty trade unions; you can elbow out others in the Labor Party organization and so modify that party's program that it reads like a Communist manifesto. Then the ballot boxes speak, and everything comes crashing down.

In France and Italy, where there are large and, up to a point, electorally viable Communist parties, the dilemma is different. In both countries, in addition to the faithful card-carriers, the Communists can rely on an impressive array of Lenin's "useful idiots" ready to vote CP at election time. But if these voters are not to dwindle into insignificance, the party has to dissociate itself publicly from a regime where they send people they don't like to psychiatric institutions or to Gulag.

The essence of the dilemma, then, is this: if the CPs don't disown the USSR, they lose their voters; and if they do so too enthusiastically, they lose their own militants.

The French party tackled its problems in time-hallowed manner with the Popular Front formula, forging a "Common Program" with François Mitterrand's revitalized Socialists. It was a disillusioning experience for party boss Georges Marchais and his colleagues. By rights, as they saw it, the CP ought to have been the senior partner; instead, it turned out that Mitterrand had far more pulling power with the voters. So, possibly on orders from Moscow, Marchais systematically made life more difficult for Mitterrand and, in March of last year, the Common Program parties (which included the relatively minor Left Radicals) were decisively defeated at the polls.

Since then, the PCF has shown distinct signs of alienation. Last month, the party held its 23rd Congress and oficially declared that the achievements of the Soviet Union "have been on the whole positive"—a clear retreat from Eurocommunism. It had become obvious that the ghetto, after all, had a lot to be said for it.

Hard Times in Italy

It was in Italy, of course, that the Euro formula first got off the ground. In 1956, when Khrushchev denounced Stalin, Togliatti started talking about "Polycentrism"—in other words, serving notice on the Big Brother party in Moscow that it could no longer be regarded as the one and only center of world Communism.

Under its present leader, the subtle and aristocratic Enrico Berlinguer, the PCI came up with the impressive phrase *compromesso storico* ("historic compromise"), whereby the Italian Communists would be prepared to support the ruling Christian Democrats (in the hope, although this was left vague, of being offered a seat or two in a coalition government).

Accordingly, the Communists kept Giulio Andreotti's Christian Democrats in power a good deal longer than the normal logic of parliamentary arithmetic would suggest. But the "historic compromise" in effect collapsed in January when the PCI withdrew its support in a vote of confidence. In this month's general elections, the Communists lost ground.

The compromise, then, is over, and the elections merely confirmed yet again that Italy has become ungovernable, and in particular that the Communists, while they cannot achieve power by Eurocommunist methods, can, whenever they choose, prevent power from being exercised by others.

But it is in Spain that the Communist Party has gone furthest toward gaining credibility at the expense of the Soviet connection. In April of last year, the PCE decided by a big majority to drop its commitment to Leninism. This was surely the ultimate Eurocommunist *reductio ad absurdum*, for a non-Leninist Communist party is nothing less than a contradiction in terms. □

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A TRIBUTE TO HARRY V. JAFFA

A Special Meaning of the Declaration of Independence

CHARLES KESLER

IN WHAT WAS surely the most compelling speech of the decade, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn declared that the United States "has lost its civil courage." Another way of saying this would be that America has lost the courage of its convictions. But it is impossible to have the courage of our convictions unless we have our convictions, and these we seem to have lost. It should not come as a surprise that we find it difficult to decide what America ought to do in the world, since we can hardly know what we want or need until we know what we are.

American conservatism is in the same boat. Conservatism presupposes that there is something worth conserving—but we can hardly know what to conserve without knowing what America is and what it stands for. To be sure, no one can justly accuse conservatism of having lived an unexamined life over the past forty years. But a political movement cannot form itself around a Socratic declaration of ignorance, however ironic (though in 1972 the Democrats almost succeeded). A political movement cannot philosophize, but a decent one has need of philosophy. In his great book on the Ancien Régime, Tocqueville observes that it is altogether understandable for a badly governed nation to desire to govern itself instead. "But a desire for independence of this kind, stemming as it does from a specific, removable cause . . . is bound to be short-lived," he writes. "Once the circumstances giving rise to it have passed away, it languishes and what at first sight seemed a genuine love of liberty proves to have been merely hatred of a tyrant."

American conservatism sometimes resembles that false love of liberty, its self-examinations concluding in nothing more lasting or noble than ad hoc reactions to the New Deal, the Great Society, the New Frontier. But this sort of poking around in the detritus of liberal social programs, in the manner of Heinrich Schliemann uncovering Troy, proves nothing except that manifest follies should be avoided, and Greeks—or Georgians—bearing gifts, suspected. Historical sentimentalism in the face of the great changes wrought in American society since the New Deal will not provide conservatism with the meaning it is seeking. Nor will root-and-branch libertarianism, which in its own way is also a reaction to the New Deal.

What conservatism needs is an understanding of our political tradition that will free it from reaction and open it to action—action for the sake of the *genuine* love of liberty as expressed in the principles of that tradition. What this understanding would mean is that conservatives would choose those principles *again* if they had the chance. In other words, conservatism's commitment to the past makes political sense only to the extent that it implies a commitment to the future: conservatism, rightly understood, is less a commitment to the past than a commitment to certain *truths* applicable to past, present, and future.

Many conservatives have lately been mining the American political tradition in search of conservatism's golden meaning. But the scholar who, more than any other, has shown that the principles of that tradition, far from being "mere rubbish—old wadding left to rot on the battlefield after the victory is won—" are in fact the living truths of just government and wise conservatism, is Harry V. Jaffa. A man of profound learning and sharp intellect, educated in the history of political philosophy by the incomparable Leo Strauss, and now the Henry Salvatori Research Professor of Political Philosophy at Claremont Men's College and Claremont Graduate School, he has dedicated the greater part of his career to the recovery and elucidation of the American political tradition. He first set forth his interpretation of that tradition in 1959 in *Crisis of the House Divided*, a brilliant study of the Lincoln-Douglas debates and a refutation of the revisionist explaining-away of the Civil War. He has elaborated that interpretation in a series of books—*Equality and Liberty* (1965), *The Conditions of Freedom* (1975) culminating in *How to Think about the American Revolution* (1978), a thorough and thorough-going defense of his lifework.

A defense is necessary, for Jaffa has attracted many critics—not least because he has been unstinting in his own criticism of them. *How to Think about the American Revolution*, than which no more polemical work of scholarship has appeared in many years, is essentially a long series of replies to critics old and new, express and indirect—to Will-

Mr. Kesler is a graduate student in political science at Harvard University. This essay was written under the sponsorship of the Project in Public Philosophy of the Sabre Foundation.

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moore Kendall, M. E. Bradford, Martin Diamond, and Irving Kristol. These controversies over the nature of our political tradition, and hence over the meaning of conservatism, Jaffa wages in a "deliberately polemical" style. He adopts this "distinctly unacademic" manner, he says, only because "academic disputation today has been aptly characterized by a prominent scholar who remarked that the proper way to refute someone is to ignore him." Santayana had said that we no longer refute our adversaries, we quietly bid them goodbye, but it was Louis Hartz who adopted this phrase in his book *The Liberal Tradition in America*. What was Santayana's lament became Hartz's guiding maxim, and in that transformation can be seen the story of contemporary social science. For refuting someone by ignoring him is a mode of argument appropriate only for those "who believe that the foundations of reason are laid in unreason, and that nothing can ever be concluded concerning the noble and the base, or concerning the just and the unjust."

Strange to say, but Thomas Aquinas is in a way more liberal than our contemporary social scientists, since in using the form of the *disputatio* in the *Summa Theologiae* he presents *both* sides of the argument, or at least versions of both sides of the argument, on every question. But hearing both sides of the argument is important only if reason is able "to guide judgment, and therefore to guide human life, . . . concerning the true and the false . . . the good and the bad, and the just and the unjust. . . " The belief that reason can guide life, and that political philosophy can guide political life, is shared in different ways by Thomas Aquinas and Thomas Jefferson. It is a belief, remarks Jaffa, that neither shares in any way with, "let us say, the last ten presidents of the American Political Science Association."

Jaffa writes polemically in the interest of reason and truth, particularly in the interest of the reasonable truths of the American political tradition. America was not "raised to eminence by men who refused confrontation, either in the forum, or on the battlefield," he declares. "Nor can we long preserve this eminence, except by the means that raised us to it." Before we can defend American principles, however, we must know what they are. "I was interested in the political truth partly for its own sake," he writes in the Introduction to *Crisis of the House Divided*, "but also because I wished myself to know, and to teach others, the principles of just government."

II

In the period of the Bicentennial, the effort to understand the American political tradition necessarily concentrates on the Declaration of Independence, and on the Revolution that it proclaimed and justified. But in the opinion of some recent scholars, all of them conservatives of one stripe or another, it is difficult to say just what the Declaration has to do with our political tradition, or what the Revolution has to do with present-day conservatism. This is Irving Kristol's difficulty in his elegant essay "The American Revolution as a Successful Revolution," a contribution to *America's Continuing Revolution*, the Bicentennial *Festschrift* assembled by the American Enterprise Institute. Kristol, one of the finest political essayists writing today, is the celebrated leader—"the godfather," James Q. Wilson calls him—of the movement called neo-conservatism; and that movement's dedication to prudence, order, and a sense of limits shines through Kristol's praise of the Declaration as a "calm, legalistic" document. The victims of the French, Russian, and Chinese Revolutions would have been grateful for a little calmness and legalism in those upheavals. Which is precisely his point. The American Revolution is the only *successful* revolution of the modern age—the only one that "did not devour its children," that did not spawn a myth of "the revolution betrayed," that did not veer heavenward in quest of some "meta-political" transformation of the human condition. Yet such a revolution is, by the debauched standards of the modern world, not much of a revolution at all.

Harry Jaffa certainly agrees that the American Revolution is in a class by itself, but in *How to Think about the American Revolution* he questions, acidulously, the grounds of Kristol's praise of the Founding. The gravamen of his

It is hard to conceive that Americans would rise up to throw off British rule for reasons that could be embodied in a calm and legalistic document

charge is that Kristol is not being true to the phenomena of the Revolution, which was neither as calm and legalistic as he thinks, nor as successful as he imagines. To begin with, it is hard to conceive that Americans would rise up to throw off British rule for reasons that could be embodied in a calm and legalistic document. Would *you* suffer Valley Forge for the sake of, say, the *Federal Register*? The Declaration that Kristol deradicalizes, Jefferson hailed as "the signal of arousing men to burst the chains, under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government."

Now, Abraham Lincoln extolled the Declaration as "that immortal emblem of humanity," and praised Jefferson, its author, for introducing, into a "merely revolutionary document, an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times." Of that abstract truth, "that all men are created equal," Kristol says nothing. Even more remarkable, in a discussion of "The American Revolution as a Successful Revolution" he says nothing of "the right of the people to alter or to abolish" their form of government. An encomium on the Revolution that does not mention the right of revolution is faint praise indeed, and it suggests that Kristol's admiration extends, in Jaffa's words, only "to something that might be called the [Founding] Fathers' 'practice' as distinct from their 'theory.'"

It is almost as if Kristol wished to do for our Revolution what Burke did for the English—namely, deny that it *is* a revolution. In fact, however, he wants to save the good name of "revolution" by restricting it to calm and legalistic ones like America's, condemning the others (following Hannah Arendt) as mere "rebellions." But he never meditates on the oxymoron that underlies his praise: a revolution may

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appear legalistic, but it can *not* be legal. Never being comfortable with the "abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times," that impelled the colonists to break Britain's laws, he never takes the full measure of the Revolution, never appreciates fully what made it so revolutionary.

The success of the Revolution, Kristol concludes, "turned the attention of thinking men away from politics, . . . so that political theory lost its vigor. This intellectual sloth . . . rendered us incompetent to explain this successful revolution to the world, and even to ourselves. . . ." Yet one wonders a) how his own essay escapes this indictment, and b) just when the attention of thinking men turned away from politics. Certainly his own attention has turned away from the most passionate and bloody political conflict in American history—the Civil War—which was preceded by decades of radical questioning of that "successful" Revolution's fundamental principles.

III

The Declaration and the Constitution each embody, in some sense, the principles of the Revolution, but the relation between them is unclear: which is the higher expression of those principles, and hence of the government and way of life that the Revolution established? To which should conservatives give precedence as a guide to what should be conserved? These questions divided Jaffa and Martin Diamond for a number of years. Diamond, who died two years ago, was the foremost expositor of the Constitution and *The Federalist* in our time, through his lucid, finely crafted essays on the Framers' view of democracy, liberty, and federalism. Almost single-handedly he revived the study of *The Federalist* as a serious work of political philosophy.

In *America's Continuing Revolution*, the same work to which Kristol contributed, Diamond celebrates what he calls "The Revolution of Sober Expectations." Diamond points above all to the sober relation between the Declaration and the Constitution: the "silence" of the Declaration on certain constitutional questions is "the splendid distinction" of our Revolution. For, "noble document that the Declaration is, indispensable source of the feelings and sentiments of Americans and of the spirit of liberty in which their institutions were conceived, the Declaration is devoid of guidance as to what those institutions should be." The Declaration asserts merely that a people has the right to throw off despotic government and "to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." A people thus has the right to establish *any* form of government—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy—so long, Diamond argues, as it a) "secures equal freedom" and b) "is instituted by popular consent."

Not the Declaration, then, but the Constitution was responsible for our form of government. America was not a democracy (a democratic republic) until the Constitution made it so, by such provisions as the broadly democratic franchise in the federal election, the absence of property qualifications for federal offices, and the prohibition of titles of nobility. In short, we got liberty from the Declaration, democracy from the Constitution. This is exactly the reverse of what used to be the understanding of the American political tradition, which traced democracy to the "radical" Declaration, and liberty to the conservative, indeed counter-revolutionary, Constitution.

As opposed to both these interpretations, Jaffa argues that America's commitment to democracy *and* its commitment to liberty are present in the Declaration. Accepting Diamond's conclusion that the Constitution is a democratic document, he sets out to vindicate the Declaration's democratic character by driving a wedge into Diamond's analysis. Is it reasonable, he asks, for the Declaration "uncompromisingly [to] enjoin upon *all* governments the duty to secure the unalienable rights of *all* people, while supplying 'no guidance' toward that end?" What Diamond calls "equal freedom," the securing of every man's unalienable rights, is not equally the end of any and every form of government. "At least since Plato and Aristotle," writes Jaffa, "equal freedom" has been understood "as peculiarly a democratic end," even as wealth has been understood as the end of oligarchies, "honor of monarchies, and virtue (however understood) of aristocracies." All non-despotic forms of government may preserve "equal freedom" in some degree, but "surely they do not do so in the same degree."

If "equal freedom" points toward democracy, what of the other standard that Diamond extracts from the Declaration—that just government must be instituted by consent? Well, "something called 'consent,'" Jaffa explains, "may range all the way from the acquiescence of a slave whose life has been spared by his master on the battlefield, to that of a free man deliberating with his equals, as to what they deem best for their common good." As the Shah of Iran has recently learned, all stable governments depend in some sense upon the "consent" of the governed. Even Hitler invoked the phrase, his plebiscites attesting to the fact that there is *nothing* to which some people will not consent. But when Jefferson wrote that the "just powers" of government derive "from the consent of the governed," he obviously meant something different from the "consent" that will acquiesce in anything. He meant what Jaffa calls "just or enlightened consent," which is to say that "men who understand their natural equality . . . do not . . . consent to governments which do not secure their rights." Only consent "enlightened by full consciousness of natural rights, and by the aptness of governments to secure those rights, is consent in the full or proper meaning of the term." The Declaration could hardly be (in Diamond's phrase) "neutral" as to forms of government unless it were "neutral," unrespecting, and disrespectful of human rights.

The Declaration could hardly be (in Diamond's phrase) 'neutral' as to forms of government unless it were neutral, unrespecting, and disrespectful of human rights

But why must "enlightened consent" result in democracy? Diamond had argued that "the people need not *establish* a government which *operates* by means of their consent." To

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which Jaffa retorts: "it is unfortunate for Professor Diamond's argument . . . that he did not take note of the fact that 'consent' occurs not once, but three times in the Declaration." Its first occurrence indeed refers primarily to the *institution* of government; but its later occurrences refer "unmistakably and unequivocally" to the *operation* of government. King George III, the Declaration accuses, has "kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of the legislature," and has—above all—imposed taxes "without our consent."

No taxation without representation! It is passing strange that one of the great rallying cries of the Revolution—probably the *only* one Howard Jarvis knows—has virtually escaped Diamond's attention. The right to consent to taxes is merely the other side of the right of property (or of the pursuit of happiness), and implies a right to approve or disapprove all operations of government that depend on taxes, which is to say nearly all operations of government. "For the preservation of property being the end of government," Locke explains in the *Second Treatise*, "and that for which men enter into society, it necessarily supposes and requires, that the people should *have property*, without which they must be supposed to lose that by entering into society, which was the end for which they entered into it, too gross an absurdity for any man to own."

No man will own this absurdity because all men own property, which the government cannot take from them without their consent. "For I truly have no property in that, which another can by right take from me, when he pleases, against my consent." At least since Locke it has been understood that "this is not much to be fear'd" in governments where the people from time to time elect their own representatives. "A pure implementation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence," concludes Jaffa, "one unmitigated by any prudential accommodation to circumstances, would then result in a purely republican—or democratic—form of government." The Declaration is every bit as democratic as the ordinary American thinks it is.

Yet it does not lack a teaching about the "prudential accommodation to circumstances." That democracy is everywhere desirable does not mean that it is everywhere possible. In the language of the Declaration, "all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." Accordingly, "prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes. . . ." Prudence modifies the *application* of the Declaration's teaching about rights, since many nations must make do with governments less enlightened than they might wish, or than they ought to wish. It is for this reason that the long, detailed indictment of George III appears: the American revolutionaries must pay "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" by showing that the evils they formerly suffered have now become *insufferable*.

The democracy that the Declaration shows to be everywhere desirable nowhere appears except in constitutional form. Democracy "rightly understood" *is* a constitutional process, according to Jaffa, who points to the Declaration's distinction between consent in the institution of government and consent in its operation. This distinction is the *sine qua non* of constitutionalism, since it underlies the distinction between constitutional law and statute law.

Jaffa's way with the text of the Declaration, like his earlier exegesis of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, is a wonder to behold. Beneath the most trodden and dusty ground he uncovers fresh streams of meaning, their headwaters in the distant mountains of ancient political philosophy, their flow, swift and powerful, cutting channels through the present, finally mixing and spilling into the future, that great ocean beyond our horizon. His interpretation of the Declaration in *How to Think about the American Revolution* is a "universal confrontation of the text" that his old foe Willmoore Kendall would have acclaimed, and reconfirms Jaffa's title as the foremost contemporary interpreter of the American political tradition.

IV

Lincoln's reflection on the relation of the Declaration to the Constitution (and the Union) took the form of a meditation on Proverbs 25:11, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." To Lincoln, the word fitly spoken was the assertion of principle in the Declaration; the pictures of silver were the Union and Constitution subsequently framed around it. "The picture was made, not to conceal, or destroy the apple; but to adorn, and preserve it." Lincoln's task, of course, was to preside over the dissolution and reconstitution of the Union, and in so doing to affirm that a nation "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal . . . can long endure." Though the dispute over the extension of slavery into the Western territories was the proximate cause of the Union's dissolution, the more fundamental cause was the existence of Negro slavery in a nation "so conceived and so dedicated."

For this reason, writes Jaffa, "however admirable the character of the American Constitution, it was not . . . the most admirable expression of the regime. The Constitution

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is the highest American thing only if one tries to understand the high in the light of the low. It is high because men are not angels, and because we do not have angels to govern us. . . . But the Constitution, in deference to man's non-angelic nature, made certain compromises with slavery. And partly because of those compromises, it dissolved in the presence of a great crisis. The man—or the character of the man—who bore the nation through that crisis, seem[s] to me . . . the highest thing in the American regime." Above the Constitution, even above the Declaration, as an expression of American principles, is the magnanimous figure of Lincoln, who preserved the Union and Constitution by restoring them to their true foundation, the Declaration; and who ennobled the Union and Constitution by leading them to "a new birth of freedom," based upon a nobler understanding of the Declaration's principles.

That, in brief compass, is the thesis of *Crisis of the House Divided*, Jaffa's magisterial interpretation of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Lincoln led America through "a new birth of freedom"—through a spiritual rebirth—because the first birth, the Founding, had been defective. Not merely because of the Constitution's compromises with slavery, but because of what those compromises represented. To Lincoln, slavery was the pre-eminent expression of human selfishness, of the evil to which men's passions could lead them; constitutional compromises with slavery, however necessary, meant that American government had not been established on an entirely proper understanding of the relation between passion and reason. Which is not to say that the Founders' handiwork was erroneous, only that it was insufficient or incomplete. In the Founding, the passion of the few for distinction and honor, and of the many for revenge and hatred, had assisted the struggle for free government, according to Lincoln. But once the struggle had been won, these former allies became threatening foes. The people had been taught—Jefferson had taught them, Jaffa explains—"to assert their rights. But they had not yet learned to respect what they had asserted."

Distinguishing between rights and passions has always been the *pons asinorum* of democracy. To claim respect for their rights the people themselves must first respect them: in Jaffa's words, they must "demand only those things in the name of their own supreme authority that are reasonable, i.e., consistent with the implications of their own equal rights." But Americans had *not* been reasonable in their demands. In escaping the "absolute despotism" of George III, they had retained a tyranny of their own over hundreds of thousands of Negro slaves: equality in the sense of "the consent of the governed" parted company with equality in the more fundamental sense of each individual's natural rights. The possessors of equal rights warred upon the philosophy of equal rights.

The statesman's task—Lincoln's task—is to bring these two aspects of equality together. The tension between the two is, in one sense, *the* tension in American politics, the moral spring that puts our politics in motion—the continual test of the capability of a free people to govern itself. For the policy of ambition checking ambition—Madison's language for "politics-as-usual"—works for all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but never for all of the people all of the time. Occasionally a policy that transcends the play of ambitions is needed, and that is the occasion for great statesmanship. Jaffa's view of the character of our politics unfolds easily into an interpretation of the whole of U.S. history: which becomes the moral drama of conflict between self-government as *what the people will* and self-government as *what the people ought to will*. This is history on the grand scale, similar to Charles A. Beard's or Louis Hartz's comprehensive interpretations, but truer to the moral character—one should say, truer to the facts—of American political life.

Lincoln's effort to form public opinion on true republican principles, his reconciliation of men's rights and passions, can be summed up in one of his famous epigrams. "As I would not be a *slave*, so I would not be a *master*. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy." To be

But 'equality' as Jaffa means it is not equality of condition, of virtue, knowledge, strength, good looks, but rather equality of natural rights

free requires that men know, and respect, what it is that makes them free. The point of Lincoln's analysis is that *respect* demands more than mere acknowledgment of human rights—it demands a duty to strive for their achievement. In this sense, Lincoln can be said to have transformed the doctrine of natural rights in the Declaration from "a norm which prescribes what civil society ought *not* to be, into a transcendental affirmation of what it *ought* to be." Properly speaking, this is not a rejection of the Declaration's minimalist doctrine, but a transcendence of it; the direction of this transcendence is from passion to reason: from men's indefeasible passions to reason, in the form of distributive justice—giving to each man his due—as the proper ground of human rights.

With the foundation of human rights laid in reason, in the "discernment of what is due to a man," rights never appear without corresponding duties. Every man is charged to strive for justice, to see that all his relations with men are governed by the rights belonging by nature to all men. It follows that loyalty to the Constitution must ultimately be based upon a nobler motive than the selfish connection between one's interest and the rights of one's place, otherwise expressed in the famous "policy of supplying, by opposite and rival interests, the defect of better motives." Sometimes there is no substitute for better motives.

Jaffa never tires of repeating Woodrow Wilson's remark that the phenomenon of Lincoln has made it possible to believe in democracy. By that, Jaffa means that Lincoln was America's political savior, the man who led the nation back from apostasy to its ancient faith, but who transcended that faith through "a new birth of freedom." The "ancient faith" Lincoln defended was found above all in the Declaration of Independence, the "apple" for which the "pictures of silver" were made. The assertion of principle in the Dec-

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laration was the "word fitly spoken"—America's word, in a special sense. American conservatives who want to know what it is they should be engaged in conserving should look first to this great and wonderful truth, that "all men are created equal." It is this truth, said Lincoln, that gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that *all* should have an equal chance."

V

Forthrightly, Jaffa titles one of his essays "Equality as a Conservative Principle." Imagine that: "Equality" being defended by conservatives—by unequal conservatives—unequally! But "equality" as Jaffa means it is not equality of condition, of virtue, knowledge, strength, good looks, or anything else so unnatural, but rather *equality of natural rights*—of the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In this sense, equality is the same thing as liberty (a word to which conservatives are more accustomed), inasmuch as men have a right to liberty only because they are born equal, i.e., born without natural superiors: "No man," said Lincoln, "is good enough to govern another man, without that other's consent." To borrow one of Jaffa's striking images, liberty and equality are as inseparable as the concavity and convexity of a curved surface.

Who defends liberty must therefore defend equality. But there is also a prudential reason why conservatives should want to defend equality: it is generally a more potent political term than liberty, as Tocqueville understood, so that he who controls the political meaning of "equality" controls the discussion just so much. Conservatives should make it clear that it is we who hold the genuine title deeds to equality, and that other claimants are squanderers of a precious legacy who, in the name of a spurious equality, would abolish true equality, and with it all hope for liberty, justice, and happiness.

Not every conservative will or has embraced equality as a conservative principle, although no American conservative that I have ever heard of has renounced the Revolution made in the name of that equality. Instead, some conservatives have tried to read equality out of the Revolution by denying that the equality clause means what Lincoln, Jaffa, and most ordinary Americans say it means.

Now, one of the pleasures of reading Harry Jaffa is the art, at once sublime and merciless, with which he exposes the intellectual pedigrees of his opponents' arguments. He demonstrates (what is quite in keeping with a certain type of conservatism) that Diamond's argument—that the Declaration provides "no guidance" concerning forms of government—is derived from another conservative's argument, Willmoore Kendall's in *The Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition* (completed, after Kendall's death, by his friend and collaborator George W. Carey). Kendall, who taught at Yale and the University of Dallas and was for many years a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, asserts that the equality clause in the Declaration has no theoretical significance for the American political tradition. That equality came to be regarded as a fundamental American principle, he attributes to a radical "derailing" of the tradition by Abraham Lincoln, whose Gettysburg Address was the climax of a grand scheme to pull the wool over Americans' eyes. "The Declaration itself," Kendall writes, "gives no guidance on how or in what ways" America's government should be structured; it anticipates merely that the people will shortly "engage in some sort of deliberative process to establish that form of government. . . ." America, in short, may have been conceived in liberty, but it was not dedicated to *any* proposition, much less the proposition "that all men are created equal."

By enshrining that clause, Lincoln paved the way for a series of future derailments under "an apostolic succession of great leaders . . . Abraham Lincoln, Roosevelts I and II, . . . John Kennedy, each of whom sees more deeply than the preceding leader into the specifically American problem . . . posed by the 'all men are created equal' clause." Jaffa's interpretation of Lincoln and our political tradition would "launch . . . the nation upon a political future the very thought of which is hair-raising," Kendall warns—"an endless series of Abraham Lincolns, each persuaded he is superior in wisdom and virtue to the Fathers, each prepared to insist that those who oppose this or that new application of the equality standard are denying the possibility of self-government, each ultimately willing to plunge America into Civil War rather than concede his point."

In effect, Kendall argues that equality of natural rights is an *ignis fatuus* that leads inevitably to farther-reaching kinds of equality, each more pernicious than the last, each more difficult to attain than the last, and each requiring a harsher shake-down of society by an increasingly domineering government. Such a commitment to equality culminates in "the cooperative commonwealth of men who will be so equal that no one will be able to tell them apart." But then why is the equality clause in the Declaration at all? It is there, Kendall concludes, because the Founders wished to declare the American people's independence from the British people: "the Americans are equal to the British and are, therefore, as free as the British" to establish their own form of government.

This argument has been taken up recently by M. E. Brad-

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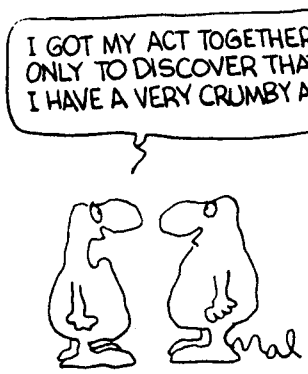
help!!!!

Blackmail

Crude from Nigeria is light;
It's almost ready to ignite
As luscious, lovely gasoline.
It turns Los Angelenos *green*.
However, folks in Lagos say
If we rate black Rhodesia "A,"
They'll shut the spigots on us, tight.
We should reply, "Go fly a kite."

W. H. VON DREELE



Holland — *London Daily Telegraph*

ROTHCO

"Personally, I wasn't aware that Britain's decline was supposed to be secret."

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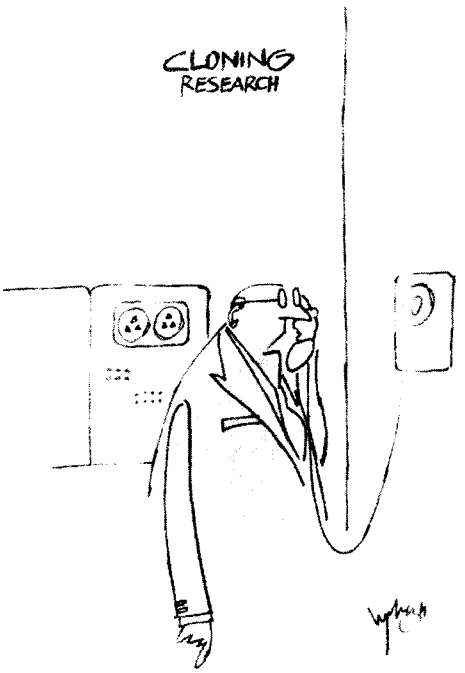
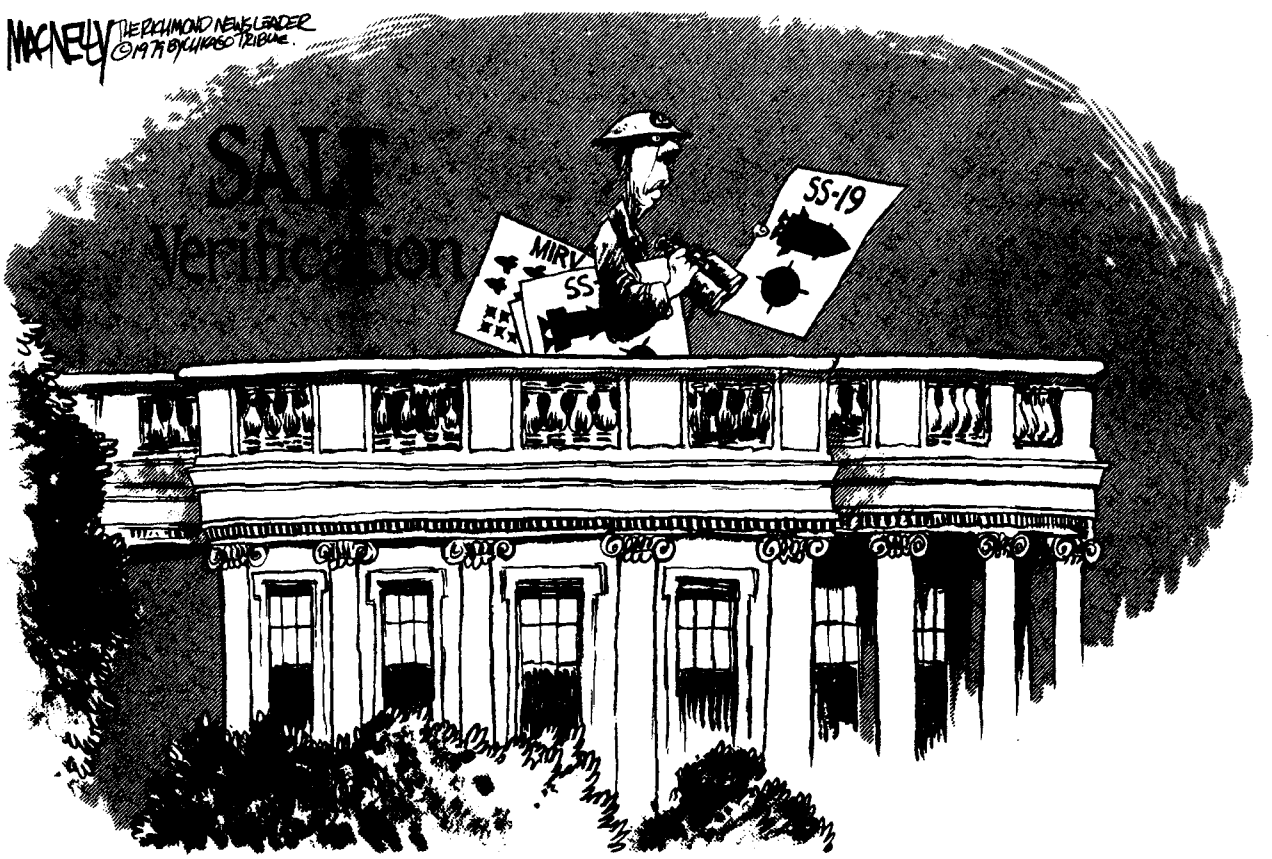


"I'm sorry . . . Dr. Beamish is in a meeting, on vacation, and out to lunch."

"Should I take a peek out there to see if the Strontium 90 scare is over?"



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ford, a professor at the University of Dallas, who maintains that what Jefferson and his "sensible friends" meant in the equality clause was that men "together—*as a group*—" are equal. The "we" who hold certain truths to be self-evident are the "one people" spoken of in the Declaration's first sentence. This initial "we" governs the rest of the Declaration, which is not "a piece of reasoning or systematic truth" but above all a rhetorical document. Like Kendall, Bradford sympathizes with the Confederacy, makes great sport of the freedom-loving-slave-holding Founding Fathers, and is scornfully critical of Lincoln, whom he anathematizes as a "gnostic" force.

On the issue of Lincoln, by the way, there is no middle ground. Either he is a "self-made Caesar," an "enemy of the 'founding,' " as Bradford would have it, or he is a wise and magnanimous leader, the savior of the Republic, as Jaffa maintains. Bradford and Kendall imagine that Lincoln's "opposition to slavery leads to slavery," that when the last trumpet shall sound Lincoln will be standing rather closer

'That all men are created equal' is the foundation on which all else is built; it is the seed of a virtuous and reasonable liberty, the first principle of civil and moral education

to Hitler than to, say, Churchill. For Hitler, like Lincoln—cracks Bradford, in what is surely the most outrageous footnote in modern scholarship—was "a firm higher-law man, and no legalist or historicist," a man who was convinced he was " 'fighting for the Lord's work.' "

But, really, this is an old question. "Professor Bradford and I," writes Jaffa, "are carrying on a debate which reached a climax in the 1850s." In this exchange, as elsewhere, Jaffa's method is to reveal "the contemporary academic debate concerning the meaning of the American political tradition as itself a form of political debate within that tradition. In short, I argue that the 'academic' debate is not strictly speaking academic at all." The same argument advanced by Kendall—taken up in part by Diamond and Kristol, in whole by Bradford—was made by Chief Justice Roger Taney in the *Dred Scott* decision of 1857 and by John C. Calhoun before him in 1848. In a speech to the Senate, Calhoun, who defended slavery on the grounds that it was a "positive good" for blacks and whites, denied that the Declaration had "any weight in constructing the governments which were substituted in place of the colonial," and attacked the proposition that "all men are born free and equal" as "the most false and dangerous of all political errors." Taney, in the Supreme Court's most ignominious decision, argued that the equality clause was meant only to distinguish the equal rights of the American nation from those of the British. The Founders could not have meant that *all* men are created equal because they did not abolish slavery. The Negro, according to Taney, was regarded by the Founders as "an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic," who might "justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery" inasmuch as he was "so far inferior that [he] had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

The enormity of this calumny against the Founders is matched only by its fragility; a single glance at the Declaration is enough to dispel it. The Declaration states plainly that "all men are created equal"—not all white men; not all British citizens; *all* men. The Founders were claiming their rights as men, not their rights as British citizens; accordingly, they appealed not to the laws of Britain but to the "laws of Nature and of Nature's God." It is possible to reconcile the Taney-Kendall-Bradford interpretation of the Declaration with the *language* of the Declaration only, as Jaffa says, "by means of the proposition that all true men are by nature British"—a proposition that "might find its place in some undiscovered operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan," but could hardly be located in the thought of the Founders.

Nor is the argument that equality of natural rights yields inevitably to equality of condition a sound one. Bradford asserts that the distinction between the two types of equality is "nothing less than sophistry" because "only those who *are* equal can take equal advantage of a given circumstance." Retorts Jaffa, "I confess myself unable to assign any intelligible meaning to this assertion." For if Bradford means that "a fair start in a race is advantageous only to someone who is fast enough to win it" he is clearly talking nonsense: "The purpose of the race is to find out who *is* the fastest, and this can be done only if the start of the race is fair." The protection of the "different and unequal faculties of acquiring property," which Madison hails in *Federalist* Number Ten as the "first object of government," derives from the natural right of every man to his own body, and hence to the labor of his body. It is slavery, not the principle of equal natural rights, that is the philosophical enemy of private property, through its denial of that most elementary right.

While Kendall denies that equality is part of the American political tradition, he never doubts that there *is* a tradition, which he identifies as the virtuous people (or their representatives) deliberating under God. The emphasis upon virtue and deliberation is unobjectionable, but his formula is insufficient on two counts. It cannot explain how the "people" came to be a people; and it provides no guidance

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concerning what the people may reasonably consent to. Discrete individuals come to be a sovereign people through the exercise of consent—but consent is not, as Kendall seems to believe, an ultimate principle. On the contrary, it is derived from the fact that every individual is born free and equal, without a natural ruler in the sense that God is the natural ruler of man, or man the natural ruler of dogs. It is only through consent that the people become a people with the authority to choose a form of government. But that choice is not unbounded or unprincipled, since the source of the people's right to give their consent—the equality of men—"limits and directs what it is to which they may rightfully consent," as Jaffa puts it. The virtuous people deliberating under God may decide to de-liberate—to enslave—their fellow men, unless they understand the ground of their own rights, and know "what kind of a people a free people ought to be."

VI

"In 1776," Jaffa declares, "the United States was so to speak nothing; but it promised to become everything. In 1976, the United States, having in a sense become everything, promises to become nothing." The U.S. will become nothing if it suffers a great military defeat in the next war; but, more profoundly, the U.S. will become nothing if it becomes persuaded that it stands for nothing. When the central ideas of our political tradition become blurred and obscured, when Americans no longer understand what it is that makes them a people, then they will cease to be a people, and that noble and reasonable tradition will decay into ideology. A people's spiritedness, if in the service of something higher than the people's passions, can be a great ally to virtue. But when spiritedness, the prideful assertion of dignity and independence, is severed from its connection to reason, it collapses upon itself and, like one of those invisible black holes said to populate (or depopulate) space, pulls in everything around it. All virtue disappears into appetite, and even the light of the Founders' words and deeds is overwhelmed by darkness.

Conservatives who look to Jaffa's teaching, and to Lincoln's example, will see a kind of conservatism that lies between, and above, the extremes of libertarianism and traditionalism. Jaffa has never explicitly drawn out the political consequences of his interpretation of our political tradition, but I think he would agree with my extrapolations. What is extreme about libertarianism is the insistence that freedom, in one way or another, is the solution to all the problems of human life. Like abolitionists of slavery, many libertarians are abolitionists of government—indeed of all authority superior to the individual—who are willing to pay any price for freedom, regardless of the consequences to a decent human life, or to the basis of their own rights. Other libertarians are less radical and do not hope for the immediate uprooting of government; they trust in the working of impersonal economic "laws" which, if only the government would get out of the way would take care of things, leaving government to run only a watchman state.

Now, Stephen Douglas, Lincoln's opponent in the famous debate, could say he didn't care whether slavery was voted up or down because he counted upon America's economic growth and westward expansion to defuse the whole slavery question. Like Douglas, these libertarians believe that the laws of economics will inevitably produce peace and freedom if only they are allowed to work. Economics will supplant politics. But we may well question the price of this exchange: when men choose to rely on economics instead of politics, they choose to deny human choice—particularly choice in matters of right and wrong, which is what politics is all about. Lincoln's criticism of Douglas' program was that slavery was inconsistent with the principles of republican government, and that a people could not be indifferent to the one without being indifferent to the other. Freedom is a matter of choice, and a people must choose *well* in order to establish and preserve it. But no people can choose well who do not respect their ability to choose, who barter that ability away for the spurious guarantees of economics.

At the other extreme of conservatism today is traditionalism, which may be defined as a reverence for the past that gets in the way of understanding the past—and present, and future. The danger in traditionalism's reverence for the past is that it is unreasonable, unprincipled—and fundamentally no different from liberalism's unprincipled commitment to the future. It does not acknowledge any objective standards by which we may distinguish just from unjust, good from bad, true from false, and so provides us no guidance in choosing what elements of the past should be conserved as a matter of expedience, and what elements must be conserved as a matter of justice. Nor, needless to say, can it provide us with what the past does not furnish —living statesmanship and virtue.

Jaffa's interpretation of the American political tradition points toward a politics that prizes virtue more highly than does libertarianism, and reason more highly than does traditionalism. Virtue and reason are essential parts of liberty if liberty is grounded in the equality of man properly understood. That equality, the equality of natural rights, is the central idea of our political tradition—the principle from which all others radiate. And as liberty is not complete without virtue and reason, so equality of rights is not perfected without duty. Education in the rights of man means in the last analysis a noble dedication to the justice that stands behind—and above—those rights.

"That all men are created equal" is the foundation on which all else is built; it is the seed of a virtuous and reasonable liberty, the first principle of civil and moral education. Success, sobriety, the virtuous people, deliberation, limited government—all are important conservative principles, but all are given form and direction by the "abstract truth" of human equality. At the same time, no appreciation of the American political tradition is possible without an appreciation of American statesmanship, so that a prudent conservatism must be ever alive to the virtues of statesmanship and to the presence of statesmen. We must beware of rigid formulas and of a foolish reliance on impersonal forces or laws, lest we be left, in Solzhenitsyn's words, "completely helpless before the trials of our time." It must above all be our hope, kindled by the numinous inquiries of Harry V. Jaffa, that conservatives who know what is worth conserving in our political tradition will be able to inspirit America, so that we may regain our convictions *and* our courage. □

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THE GAS LINES

A Kind Word for Gouging

ALAN REYNOLDS

DESPITE COMMENTS to the contrary, there is no danger that U.S. motorists will buy more gasoline than there is. There will be no gap at all between purchases and sales. The question instead concerns which technique should be used to bring supply and demand into balance. There are only three possibilities: "first come, first served" (the waiting line), political preference, or the price system.

Use of the waiting line makes sense only if we assume that time has no value. With waiting time of up to three hours reported for California, even a low value on time of five dollars an hour is enough to double the real price of 15 gallons.

Political preference systems, including existing allocations and possible coupon rationing, leave it to politicians and bureaucrats to decide who gets what. Since there are no conceivable objective criteria of what is "fair"—other than satisfying 51 per cent of the voters at the expense of the other 49 per cent—the actual outcome tends to favor those with the most political clout (notably excluding the poor).

The price system, by contrast, tests the sincerity of stated "needs" by each person's willingness to outbid others for limited supplies. Resources, including oil, move toward the uses consumers value most highly as shown by the way they spend their money. If gasoline is in higher demand in one area than elsewhere, an uncontrolled price would move slightly higher, providing an incentive to transport the fuel. If gasoline is preferred to other uses of oil (such as plastic bags, paint, or synthetic fabric), then relative prices will reflect that choice and move energy toward preferred uses.

Everyone seems anxious to dump the whole burden of adjusting to a temporary rise in energy scarcity on the beleaguered motorist. But passenger cars use only about 18 per cent of all forms of energy.

In recent years, price controls on interstate sales of natural gas created shortages, forcing homeowners and industry to substitute imported oil. So we extended controls to natural gas sold within states, in order to spread the misery around. Price controls on crude oil kept prices down for refiners, with little effect on the price of gasoline and other refined products. Refiners with relatively abundant supplies of domestic crude are forced to send money (entitlements payments) to those dependent on imports, thus subsidizing imported oil. Since tiny refineries fare particularly well from entitlements, many "tea-kettle" refineries were built that are incapable of producing unleaded gasoline.

PRICE CONTROLS on gasoline allowed no return at all on investment in equipment to refine unleaded gasoline. Since unleaded gasoline uses up more crude oil to achieve the same octane, there was less gasoline produced per barrel of oil. So we end up short of unleaded gasoline, in the sense that people would like to buy more at a lower price. The usual political response is to restrict the hours or days in which gasoline can be bought or to limit each purchase, thus guaranteeing that people will get into longer lines more often.

The Energy Department tells the oil companies not to buy costly imported oil on the spot market, nor to trade high-sulphur Alaskan oil for the types that work in California refineries. Then Congress wonders why refiners don't have enough crude oil to operate near full capacity. The Iranian situation did cut world oil supplies and raise the price, but countries willing to pay the price will nonetheless get a larger share. Other nations had no waiting lines for gasoline in 1974 and have none now. We have a $10-billion Energy Department; they use the price system.

We tell domestic energy producers that oil and natural gas will be subject to special taxes and price controls, while coal is free of controls and exotic energy sources are heavily subsidized. If oil and gas producers take the hint by moving into the politically favored forms of energy, we threaten to break up the industry. If, on the other hand, oil and gas producers *fail* to move into other energy sources, they stand accused of resisting technological progress.

The Energy Department's scheme for allocating gasoline ensures that stations run dry simultaneously at the end of each month and prohibits moving fuel from areas where it is relatively abundant to areas of severe shortage. Gasoline is instead to be sent (on a proportional basis) to where the cars were last year, thus providing ample supplies along interstate highways, in remote vacation spots, and in places where the population has declined.

If distributors or consumers leave oil products in containers, that's "hoarding." If an oil producer leaves it in the ground, that's "withholding." But the Federal Government owns about 60 per cent of the nation's recoverable oil, and if the government leaves it in the ground, that is called "conservation." If they pour oil back into the ground, that is called a "strategic reserve."

The immediate solution to our gasoline problem is to let dealers and jobbers charge whatever price they choose. Some will set the price high enough ("gouging") to deter many customers, thus attracting those who can't spare the time to wait in line. Others will keep the price down, attracting long lines of eager customers. Many dealers will shorten their hours or take Sundays off, but others will see the diminished competition as an opportunity to grab some extra business at a little higher price. Nobody would be forcing motorists to pay higher prices for Sunday or evening service. But a premium price could entice some dealers to work unpleasant hours, thus easing the fear of finding all stations closed.

In short, the market would work if given half a chance. And it would do so with far more equity and efficiency than the alternatives of political allocation and waiting lines. □

Mr. Reynolds, a vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago, is an NR *contributing editor.*

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LOVE THAT TOWN

The Teamsters Meet His Majesty

ED HAESSLER

THE TEAMSTERS should never have messed with New Orleans. Here King Carnival rules.

When the Mardi Gras parade captains held their historic meeting, we had been through two police walkouts. February 8, and again on February 16. The first strike had gotten our cops their long-overdue raises and some other things they wanted, although our black mayor, Dutch (Ernest) Morial, had stuck to his guns about dealing only with the local fraternal police group, FOP, as bargaining agent for the cops. In other words, he had thumbed his nose at PANO, the newer Teamster-led group that has been trying to muscle in.

So now the police were re-striking. The Teamsters' idea, of course. Joe Valenti, a Teamster troublemaker from Detroit, had been flown in, and they were making mountains out of some molehills humped up during the earlier negotiations. The old ante-raising game was under way. And so the mayor, with very few police working, was each day having to cancel another one or more of the big parades that normally take place during the two weeks before Ash Wednesday.

I had already told my wife, Kathy, "Pack. We're leavin' this town." I had watched what the Teamsters did to Cleveland and Detroit, and I wasn't about to stand by and see them ruin New Orleans.

Now Kathy is about half my age and has a big mouth. "Why?" she said. "We can't go anywhere, Babe. You totaled the car."

So that's where we were when the parade Krewe Captains met—*and flat out canceled all the remaining parades*. They were not going to let Mardi Gras "be held hostage," as they put it, in the ugly labor dispute.

That really spun me around. Given the way we New Orleanians love our Mardi Gras, it was stunning. Brave too Beautiful. It was in a class with, say, a man strangling his wife with his own hands, and her cooperating, so as to prevent a rapist's getting at her.

So I told Kathy, who is also well-stacked, "Forget the packing. Design a T-shirt." My idea was to give the Krewe Captains (their names are always kept secret) some French Quarter backup for their fighting spirit. I also wanted to thank the guys who *had* been keeping our streets safe during the second strike.

Kathy's T-shirt read, "Thank You, Guards, Troopers, and Cops Who Stayed." On the back of it we had the T-shirt shop print a blow-up of a swell, tough-talking letter that the City Council, united behind the parade captains, had just published in the papers.

A Wacko Army

All this got Barbara Nauer turned on. Barbara's a sightseeing tour guide by day and a roving photographer in the Bourbon Street clubs by night. She hangs out mostly at the Paddock, though, ever since she discovered that James Davis and his Paddock Jazz Band here blow the best jazz and blues in New Orleans.

Barb was urging, "Let's fight back."

She had a suspicion that her old enemies from her professor days, the Marxists, might be making capital out of the strike in various ways. She went on about the "Dobbs-Gibbons legacy" within the Teamsters.

We three were suddenly a team, kind of a wacko army. Barb, who has a stuffy side, gave us this weird Latin name, The Vox Populi Committee. She started dreaming up a citizen solidarity march and rally, with all the marchers dressed in their work clothes or uniforms, walking along St. Charles Avenue (normally the main parade route) toward City Hall.

Jim Davis heard about our plans. Did we want him and the band, he asked, to parade the folks downtown? We talked that over and decided that for this kind of event some high-school marching bands would be more appropriate.

No—Teamsters—No

Next I started thinking how much fun it would be to run a tar-and-feather effigy of the Teamster big-mouth, Valenti, down Canal Street on a rail. Maybe dump it into the Mississippi from the Toulouse Street Wharf. And I had to get hold of the cops' "scab list" of non-striking police. I wanted to turn it into an honor-roll placard for use in our march. To get the list and some key numbers, we contacted City Hall.

We phoned many others after that. The public was solidly behind what the Krewes had done. A Concerned Citizens group had popped up earlier. They had run some full-page ads in the papers calling for prayer power, citizen self-policing, and good things like that to help keep the town cool. Better still, when the police union ran picket lines around the garbage dumps and forced the sanitation workers off their jobs, the Concerned Citizens had organized a volunteer force to collect the neighborhoods' garbage. Good people, the CCs. We let them know what we were up to.

I put Kathy to work stuffing some of my old clothes for the effigy, and someone told us that the Voodoo Shop at Bourbon and St. Ann had a little Joe

Mr. Haessler is bartender at the Paddock Lounge in New Orleans.

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Valenti hex dollie for sale, stuck full of hat pins. In the front window of the old Paddock, I taped one of our bumper stickers that read, "No—Teamsters—No." Barbara had marshaled a couple of the street performers and a hot-dog vendor to hand out bumper stickers at the main bus stops. Barb was for stringing our effigy up on a Quarter lamppost in some wee hour after Bourbon Street had gotten deserted. But I kept holding out for the tar-and-feather spectacular.

Well, Mardi Gras day, Fat Tuesday, dawned gorgeous and warm. Despite the lack of parades, visitors had poured into town anyway. The Quarter was one huge party, with the locals all in costume and dancing and second-lining in the streets. Acting nutty as usual. Kathy and Connie, Jim's wife, wore our T-shirt around, and people clapped. Lots of folks were stopping at the corners and shaking the hands of the armed guardsmen and the troopers.

The next day the TV and the local papers, which had been drifting toward the city's side in the labor dispute, were fairly flying over how well our Mardi Gras, despite everything, had turned out. They said warm, proud, loving things about New Orleans. Now, I'm a big, hairy bartender type, no sentimentalist, but these happy writings and statements really touched me where I live.

Then all of a sudden, just five days after Mardi Gras, the police strike broke! Caved in. Cops started saying, Bleep you, to the PANO leadership. Poured back to work.

Honor the Scabs

I got word of this while I was writing some anti-Teamster lyrics for a song we planned to sing at our rally the coming weekend. Barbara, it turned out, was at the library, tracking down some articles about the dangers of the unionization of municipal employees and about the Teamsters' ties to The Mob and to the Communist Party, U.S.A. (She was planning to hand these things out at the rally as information "kits.")

But now there was our stumpy little mayor, sober-faced Dutch, a hands-down winner, holding a press conference on television and reading to us from the Bible. *To every thing there is a season . . . A time to love and a time to hate . . .* It made you want to cry.

There was no need, finally, for our rally. We expect the Teamsters, sooner or later, to have another go at New Orleans. But for the time being, at least, this one's ours. Right now we're trying to organize a party at some one of the local clubs, to honor those "scab" cops. Free drinks for them and the state troopers and guardsmen. Dutch Morial and the Council will be invited, naturally, and the CCs and folks who supported our efforts.

Meantime (for the King is angry), the Bourbon Street Merchants' Association has hit the Teamster union with a whopping damage suit because of losses suffered during our parade-less Mardi Gras. The Court has stuck it to the union too, fining them $600,000 for ignoring its back-to-work injunction. And the authorities are dragging Joe Valenti, who skipped town when the strike was weakening, back from Detroit to stand trial for contempt.

Speaking of Joe, we still plan to use those lyrics I wrote. A black jazz singer friend of ours, Ellyna Tatum, has been setting the words to the tune of "Bill Bailey." She'll lead the singalong part of our party for the cops, probably with help from James and his trumpet.

Won't you go home, Valenti;
Won't you go home.
We've cried the whole month long.

You took our cops out,
Left us our trash;
You know you done us wrong.

Remember how we told you
We'd wait you out,
With guts you never dreamed we had?

Now ain't it a shame, Joe;
We beat you at your game, Joe.
Valenti, won't you please go home. □

O Ye Who Lead, Take Heed

When the weatherman assures you
That the sun is going to shine,
But it rains, what blind faith lures you
To believe his fickle line?

When your doctor, diagnosing
Your condition, orders pills,
But your pain outlasts his dosing,
Are you doubtful of his skills?

When a politician's gloating
Over wrongs he'll rectify,
Do you scorn his sugar-coating
When the evils multiply?

When your editor imposes
Alterations you deplore,
Writing well (no bed of roses
Any time) becomes a chore.

When a Head of State, campaigning,
Vows he's totally for peace,
He will have some job explaining
Why his armaments increase.

How delightful if providers
Of such services would show
The aplomb to be confiders
That in truth they just don't know.

—Corinna Marsh

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A New and Better CIA

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

Among its many unpleasant side-effects, this winter's debacle in Iran delivered another body-blow to the prestige of U.S. intelligence. Through most of the Iranian travail, American policy was tilted in favor of the Shah, in the apparent belief that he was somehow going to weather the storm. Only toward the end did this assessment change, permitting us to make our marginal contribution to his overthrow. The whole affair was chalked up as a failure of intelligence: we had woefully overestimated the power of the Shah, underestimated the strength of his opponents, and failed to identify the sources of Iranian unrest.

Even if one accepts the peculiar ethical framework of this indictment, it comes with curious grace from the liberal critics of our foreign policy. The crippling of U.S. intelligence capabilities has been, of course, a major goal of liberal forces in recent years—a goal that they have triumphantly attained. Thanks to a steady drumfire of criticism in the press, congressional exposés, denunciations by defecting agents, and agitprop from Communist sources, the Central Intelligence Agency, along with the FBI and other security agencies, has been effectively throttled.

Blowing Cover

We need only note in this respect the disclosure of confidential CIA material by former agents such as Philip Agee and Frank Snepp, the publication of agents' names by Agee-connected publications such as *CounterSpy*, and the protracted hearings on alleged CIA abuses by the Church committee in the Senate—all of which has put the intelligence community in shock, and made it afraid to lift a finger in its own behalf. Throughout this orgy of recrimination, the liberal media and liberal forces in the Congress have served as cheering sections for the anti-intelligence crusade. And now they tell us we are suffering from a "failure of intelligence."

Not content with the damage done to date, the Senate is contemplating further restrictive measures that would institutionalize the present timidity and inertia of the intelligence community. These are contained in a proposed bill (S-2525) concocted by the Senate Intelligence Committee last year and scheduled for re-introduction this year. Under the guise of writing charters for the CIA and FBI, thereby forestalling further "abuses," this legislation would bring effective U.S. intelligence efforts to a grinding halt.

Among its other provisions, S-2525 would make the CIA budget public, involve Congress in detailed control of intelligence operations on a continuing basis, extend American constitutional protections to foreign spies, and compel disclosure of vast amounts of intelligence data, including data relating to clandestine operations, to groups outside the intelligence community. The combined effect of these provisions would be to make our already palsied intelligence agencies feebler still, and to make it extremely likely that any data obtained despite the restrictions would be leaked to the outside world through one or another of a hundred crevices.

Witnesses before the Senate Intelligence Committee, including General Richard Stilwell of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, and former Solicitor General Robert Bork, have recommended removal of the most offensive sections of S-2525—such as the requirement that U.S. intelligence not wiretap the Soviet KGB without first securing a judicial warrant. Such changes are certainly in order, but the mind-set behind this bill is so profoundly hostile to the most elementary requirements of modern-day intelligence that a better course would be to junk S-2525 entirely and start anew.

Fortunately, while there is as yet no comprehensive alternative chartering legislation, several proposals are in the hopper which would constitute a start toward authentic reform of the present mess in intelligence, rather than a formula for making it still worse. One such is S-191, introduced by Senator Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.), which would make it unlawful to disclose the identity of undercover agents, in the manner of Agee, *CounterSpy*, et al. A companion bill has been introduced in the House by Representative Robert Michel (R., Ill.).

Protecting Identities

Going beyond the milder agent-safety provisions of S-2525, the Bentsen-Michel legislation would make it a crime, punishable by a $10,000 fine or ten years in prison, or both, to engage in unauthorized disclosure of classified information concerning the identity of "any individual or entity as being or having been associated with or engaged in the foreign intelligence operations of the United States." (The original impetus for this measure was provided by the murder of CIA agent Richard Welch in Athens, after he had been identified as a CIA operative by Agee's *CounterSpy* magazine.)

Combining the thrust of Bentsen-Michel with other considerations is HR-1068, introduced by Representative Robert McClory (R., Ill.). This bill would protect not only the identity of agents, but also the confidentiality of information assembled by them. McClory would prohibit straight-out espionage, disclosure of sensitive information by those who had lawful access to it, and the naming of individuals or entities that are undercover operatives for the agency. He would also establish procedures for prosecuting such offenses without completely tipping our intelligence hand to the Soviet Union or other enemies.

Bentsen-Michel and McClory would not by themselves rescue the intelligence community from its low estate, a feat which would require a thoroughgoing change in national attitudes. But they would come a lot closer than the misnamed reform bill that has been percolating in the Senate. □

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A St. Mugg Reader

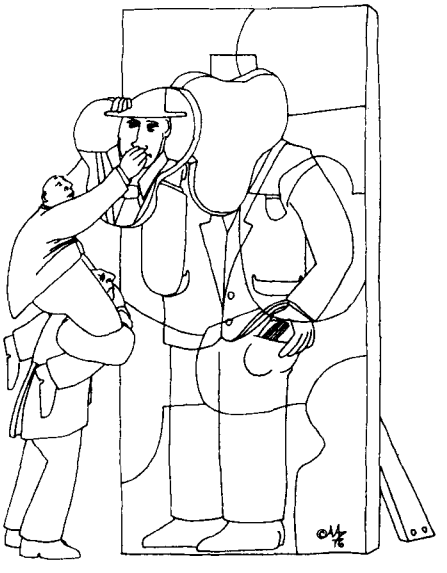
Things Past: Malcolm Muggeridge, An Anthology
Edited and with an Introduction by Ian A. Hunter
Morrow, 250 pp., $9.95

MITCHELL S. ROSS

I suppose it would be impossible to botch completely a collection of the writings of Malcolm Muggeridge. The man writes too well for that. But this effort by Ian Hunter is wrongheaded and therefore needlessly disappointing. Professor Hunter labors under the delusion that Muggeridge is some sort of great thinker, and he includes a disproportionate number of pieces with such themes as "What I Believe" and "What Is My Life?" Consequently, we unhappy children of the twentieth century are compared to a herd of Gadarene swine more often than is either edifying or useful. I stopped counting after the third such reference, and started skipping after the fourth.

Actually, Muggeridge is one of the great *journalists* of the twentieth century, and he is at his best when writing about the people who have enlivened or depressed his days in this world. His Christian elegies and his philippics against the liberal mind have their place as scaffolding, but they are not in the same class as his idiosyncratic assessments of Kipling, de Gaulle, and the Webbs. The pieces on these eminences are among the best things here, but there are not enough of them. Where, for example, is that terrific number on "The Totemization of Winston Churchill" which appeared in *Esquire* some years ago and was reprinted in that magazine's fortieth anniversary issue? And there must be many others. As an American only recently of age, I cannot be expected to have seen them. Professor Hunter refers us to an anthology published here in 1966, *The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge*, but I cannot find it in the bookstores. He claims to provide us with more of the early Muggeridge than we have had before, but this amounts to only one-third of the book, and that the least interesting.

Many of those early articles read like second-rate parliamentary orations: "Who are you, dear friends of the Soviet Union? You are the righteous minority . . ." We are served, as an appetizer, Muggeridge's first published piece, an innocuous short story. Nothing is reprinted from his days as an admirer of the Soviet Union, and, when the chronology really gets going, Muggeridge is already fuming about the dictatorship of the proletariat and, "even more, . . . its imbecilic foreign admirers." There is much documentation of the fact that Muggeridge turned to Christianity long before he found himself confronted by intimations of senescence. His was, of course, a Christianity quite intolerant of the performances of doddering old archbishops, and an anti-Communism which looked askance at great crusades against the Russian monster. Muggeridge had arrived at a position where men seemed hopelessly lost unless they were prepared to renounce the will to power. As such a prospect seemed remote in this century, Muggeridge was well situated to hector just about everyone in sight.



He has done this for nearly half a century now, and the English-speaking world would be very much the poorer if he had not. But, bless his soul, the man has made an extraordinary number of silly statements over the years. He asserts, for example, that whatever decline has occurred in the American position in the world since 1946 is due mainly to "the home thrusts of the Sir Galahads of the media." He appears, without appropriate irony, to blame these same folk for the destruction of Richard Nixon's Presidency. An occasional hyperbole has its rhetorical uses, but Muggeridge takes this tone so often that we must suppose he believes this slush. Hear him once more on the horrors of television: "Of all the inventions of our time it is likely to prove the most destructive. Whereas nuclear power can only reduce us and our world to a cinder, the camera grinds us down to spiritual dust so fine that a puff of wind scatters it, leaving nothing behind." There, there, Uncle Malcolm: We won't ever force you to share a studio with Jack Paar again.

Fortunately, the whole man is the delightful sum of his inconsistencies. And Muggeridge has been, for the most part, a trenchant observer of the passing

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scene. Amid dreams of heaven and denunciations of utopia, he acknowledges that "laughter is our best recourse" – laughter, and, for a journalist, common sense and stylistic distinction. Muggeridge is abundantly gifted with all these qualities, and when they harmonize he is something to behold. Consider this passage, written soon after the assassination of Bobby Kennedy: "Our Prime Minister, as usual, struck the right note; the Senator, he said, had died for democracy. So, I suppose, in a manner of speaking he had; it was his advocacy of arms for Israel, with an eye to the important Jewish vote in New York, which inflamed his Jordanian Arab assassin. If that is democracy, he may be said to have died for it." This is more than an analysis: it is an attitude so completely accomplished that it rests on the border of philosophy.

But it is a border that Muggeridge does not cross, for the same reason that Mencken, Chesterton, and Johnson did not cross it. Once the individual writer empties his personality into the oceans of systematic thought, it ceases to be independent. And, to paraphrase what Muggeridge himself once wrote about the editor of this magazine, in our time free minds are desperately rare and precious, and in him we detect one. □

God and the Astronomers
By Robert Jastrow
W. W. Norton, 136 pp., $7.95

OVER THE HIGHEST ROCK

JEFFREY HART

This book reinforces one of the central intellectual themes of our time: of empiricism, in a heroic way, reaching the limits of the kind of statement that is possible for it to make, *and knowing that there is more to say.*

It is a short, lucid, and unforgettable book. Astronomer Robert Jastrow —NASA, Columbia, Dartmouth—takes us on an astronomer's trip to the epistemological barrier. He tells the story of how the world's leading astronomers and mathematicians reached the conclusion that "the chain of events leading to man commenced suddenly and sharply at a definite moment in time, in a flash of light and energy."

This story is momentous in its scientific and cultural implications. A succession of scientists unlocked the mystery, often accidentally, often disliking intensely the meaning of their own data. Einstein's equations laid the theoretical groundwork, but the master hated its implications: an expanding universe with a finite beginning some twenty billion years ago. But the data accumulated, including the "red shift" indicative of retreating galaxies. In 1965 two astronomers, Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson of Bell Laboratories, made human contact with the birth of the universe when they detected traces of twenty-billion-year-old radiation from the original explosion.

The idea that the universe has a demonstrable *beginning* met with great resistance. It offended what Jastrow correctly calls the "religion of science." As he puts it, "Scientists cannot bear the thought of a natural phenomenon which cannot be explained . . . There is a kind of religion in science; it is the religion of a person who believes there is order and harmony in the Universe, and every event can be explained in a rational way as the product of some previous event; every effect must have its cause; there is no First Cause. Einstein wrote: 'The scientist is possessed by the sense of universal causation.' "

In contemplating an uninvestigable beginning, scientists experienced a sense of methodological vertigo. "Eddington wrote in 1931, 'I have no axe to grind in this discussion,' but 'the notion of a beginning is repugnant to me . . . it leaves me cold.' The German chemist Walter Nernst wrote, 'To deny the infinite duration of time would be to betray the very foundations of science.' More recently, Philip Morrison of MIT said . . . 'I find it hard to accept the Big Bang Theory. I would like to reject it.' And Allan Sandage of Palomar Observatory, who established the uniform expansion of the Universe out to nearly ten billion light years, said, 'It is such a strange conclusion . . . it cannot really be true.' " Einstein himself hated the idea of a *beginning*, preferring Spinoza's immanent principle of eternal order; but the great man heeded the data, and shortly before his death stated that he fully accepted the idea of a beginning.

Here we reach the frontiers of empiricism. What was "there" before the *beginning*?

As empiricism has pressed its quest, we have had a sense of those frontiers elsewhere as well: in the writings of Ludwig Wittgenstein; in, it appears, the analysis of the Shroud of Turin. There appears to exist a *beyond* into which empiricism cannot lead us, though it has gestured toward that beyond.

Jastrow puts this climax eloquently from his own perspective: "For the scientist who has lived by his faith in the power of reason, the story ends like a bad dream. He has scaled the mountains of ignorance; he is about to conquer the highest peak; as he pulls himself over the highest rock, he is greeted by a band of theologians who have been sitting there for centuries." □

SWELL LETTERS

Like Father
By David Black
Dodd, Mead, 237 pp., $8.95

FATHERS AND SONS

DAVID EVANIER

In the first chapter of this novel, the father runs away from home at the age of 58 and visits his dropout son's farm, where he attempts to seduce his daughter-in-law and tears up their garden. Earlier in the day, the father has said: "Running away was the climax. The rest will be an extended, increasingly painful denouement." Then, just before the spree, the father, drinking from a bottle, tells his son:

> "I envy you, Dennis. I envy you your age, the times in which you grew up, your generation, the fact that you could escape New York, ambition, whatever, I envy you this." He waved to the garden. "Yeah," he said, "this . . .
>
> "God, I envy you. How were you able to do this? How?" He reached up and grabbed an overhanging branch with both hands. "Goddamn me," he said. "Goddamn me, but I want to do something outrageous."

Who is this father? An English teacher for 28 years, he has always been in his son Dennis' eyes a "foolishly heroic"

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man, mild, vague, and kind, and innocent enough unknowingly to torment the clerk at the Boston Christian Science Monitor Building by demanding an aspirin from her, even after she cannot answer him and breaks into tears. (Leaving the building, he reflects aloud to his son, "She must be having trouble at home.") Attempting to form a teachers' union at his school, the father at the same time does not want to deprive students of an education. He therefore "limits his picketing to after-school hours," when he changes out of his suit into a proletarian workshirt and, corralling a few bemused students outside the school, proceeds to explain both his position and the opposing position of the school board so they can make up their own minds. He also insists on an open shop, and wants a membership stretching from Republicans to Stalinists. Since he is a member of a tiny, eccentric anti-Soviet socialist sect, the FBI suspiciously comes to call on him in class one day. They find him dressed in "a shoulder-length white wig, spirit-gummed moustache and beard, and a ratty-grey caftan . . . he had puttied his large nose to make it larger." Not having anticipated the FBI's visit, the father is disguised as Shylock that day, the more effectively to teach *The Merchant of Venice*. Now he is shedding a 28-year disguise.

In opposition to this gently ridiculous image of the father, the son is forced to remember other things—a violent early history: the father's abandonment in an orphanage; his flinging lye at his brother, who is later murdered; the father's leadership of a gang of toughs, which ends in his jumping sixty feet down a laundry chute onto concrete and, later, paralyzing a tormentor for life by striking him with his crutch. Then the son recalls his mother's telling of his father's screaming in his sleep at night in the early years of their marriage, and thinks, "Silly men don't wake up screaming."

The father at one point tells his son Dennis: "It's all right to be in a rage. . . . But save the rage for something worthwhile, because you can use it up on worthless things; and when you need it for something important, it's gone." But the father's deepest rage is reserved for his own dropout father, Aaron. The grandfather is the biggest quick-change artist of all: bootlegger, bigamist, thief, stagehand in a burlesque house, adventurer, rogue, raconteur, and strutting clown. He abandoned his two sons, stole $30,000, and lived on a houseboat in France where he supported an anarchist, semi-nude art theater—a dazzling, amoral life which he tells his enthusiastic grandchildren about with zest, dressed up in his rented tails and high hat, his hair combed back into a ducktail. When Dennis' mother is about to pass judgment on him, the grandfather claps his hands over his ears.

Dennis met his grandfather once, when he was nine years old. He sees him again 22 years later:

> My grandfather was perched on a high stool at the hotel bar, his shoe heels hooked over the stool's top rung, his pant cuffs hitched up over purple socks, a new fashionable slouch hat—with metal rings around the band—resting on one raised knee. His eyebrows were long, but stringy and thin. White brambly hairs grew from his nostrils and ears. The underside of his chin, as flat as a frog's, glowed in the light of a candle on the bar, as though his mouth were full of fireflies. His hair, which had been white the last time I saw him 22 years ago, was dyed the red of red steak. But his wispy moustache was still white . . .

The renderings of all three male characters are splendidly done—their contours constantly changing—in this fully realized, riveting first novel. The rather morose narrator, set against such lively ancestors, seems a comparatively bland figure. But he is a telling observer. The climax, a confrontation among grandfather, father, son, and the father's mistress in a Times Square dive, explodes with mordant humor and intensity. There is no real resolution here. Dennis' feeling that fathers have to choose between destroying their children or being destroyed by them continues to resonate.

Savage observation, surprise, and superb dialogue are on every page. Novels on "traditional" subjects, no matter how good they are, tend to be shunted aside or treated with condescension—especially if the writer is young and un-

RANDOM NOTES

■ More July Titles: Zhores A. Medvedev's *Nuclear Disaster in the Urals* (Norton, $12.95) is the story of an incident in 1956 when buried wastes from a Soviet nuclear energy plant blew up, spreading contamination over a wide area of the southern Urals and killing a large number of people. Needless to say, the event did not cause a wave of widespread anti-nuclear sentiment to roll across the USSR, and Soviet officialdom continues to develop nuclear power, while seeking to retard it in the U.S.A. . . . *Energy Future: The Report of the Harvard Business School Energy Project* (Random House, $12.95), edited by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin, had its origins in 1972. In the intervening seven years, the participating wizards have had the time to think through problems to their natural solutions and to determine that solar energy and conservation are the only hope for the U.S.

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson—the author of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*, and *The Hell's Angels*, prominent Gonzo journalist (but forget the label: by any standards one of the great contemporary masters of comic prose)—has a collection of short pieces coming. It is entitled *The Great Shark Hunt: Strange Tales from a Strange Time* (Summit/Rolling Stone, $14.95). . . . Vladimir Voinovich, a satirist from an entirely different quarter, has a collection of splendid stories out called *In Plain Russian* (Farrar, $10). Readers of his *Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* will recall his hilarious style and substance, a compound of Mark Twain, Rabelais, and Tom Wolfe. . . . Speaking of Wolfe, he has contributed an introduction to a book by Rudi Stern entitled *Let There Be Neon* (Abrams, $18.95), a cultural history of neon lighting.

Though we haven't seen a copy yet, Stephanie Kraft's *No Castles on Main Street: American Authors and Their Homes* (Rand McNally, $9.95) sounds fascinating. Miss Kraft traveled about the country seeking out the houses of such geographically diverse writers as Willa Cather, William Faulkner, and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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known. (In David Black's other profession, journalism, he has produced fairly grey prose that in no way prepared me for this novel. It's clear to me now where the energy was going.) The traditional subject here, the father-son conflict, was treated in a powerful way several years back by Theodore Weesner in *The Car Thief*, a novel that quietly found its audience. *Like Father* is even better. □

Oilers and Sweepers, and Other Stories
By George Dennison
Random House, 179 pp., $7.95

POWDERED SOAP

D. KEITH MANO

"A dozen cannisters of powdered soap ordered months ago, have been delivered to the loading platform. They must be moved indoors."

I quote you an entire chapter here. Two sentences: 21 words: complete. It might be a bill of lading; it might be a response in liturgy. On either side there are terse chapters, scenes that retell impressive suffering: flood, fire, land slide, stupid death. Yet that mute shipment, that powdered soap, took me to the start of tears. True, I relate: I have worked in a factory since my 15th year and father and grandfather for three decades before that. Pearl Harbor, Nagasaki, Inchon, Dallas, moonwalk, Saigon: those events did occur somewhere. We had it on good authority; we could trust. But throughout, you see, things had to be unloaded, loaded on. The process was devout and frank as breath.

George Dennison is a strapping writer: subtle and fierce. He frames experience; his attitude is painterly. Dennison is able to impose, even on objects in motion, the freighted emphasis of a still-life. I compare one personal instance. I stood on the Long Island Railroad platform at Woodside, N.Y. Adroit rays of evening light had leaned down to dramatize an old clothesline pulley across the street. My heart shook. The simplicity of it. The expedience. The yanking and pushing that had gone on. The history of wet garments and those who had worn them. I *saw* the pulley; its thingness. I was momentarily consonant with it. There is just such provocative lighting in *Oilers and Sweepers*. Each scene is windowed to allow illumination. To allow a Renaissance landscape perspective—deep and dissonant—that will stress the thick, rich presence of stagestruck commonplace reality.

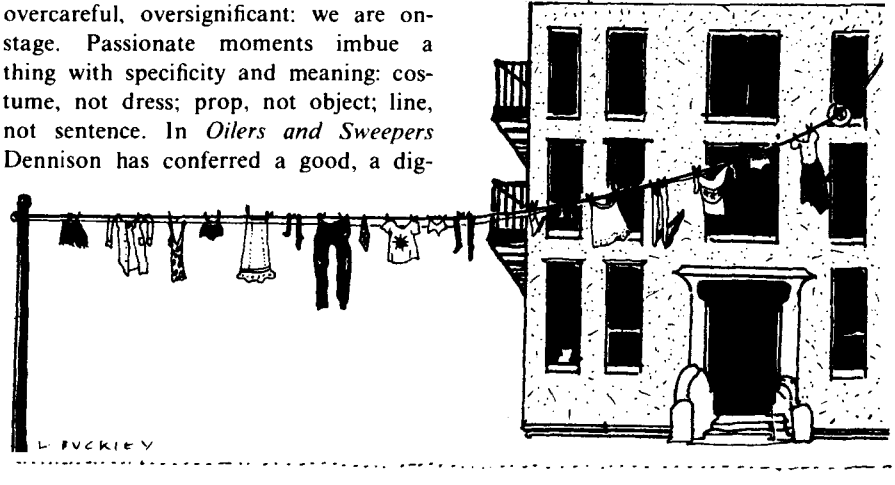
I say stagestruck because Dennison's instinct is pre-eminently theatrical. (He has had four plays produced in New York; *The Service for Joseph Axminster*, part of this collection, is a one-act play.) Drama selects; it can focus on an item, a prop, that might otherwise be sloughed over by the glancing eye. His style is that of vivid stage directions: pragmatic, insistent. Yet underneath you sense the poignance that belongs to great clarity and fine, restrained emotion.

Close-up. "If the window were lower in the wall, Bosun's head and shoulders would be framed against black like a Gothic portrait. His grey baseball cap would appear a *costume*." You and I wear clothing. *Costume* is an attribute of theater: clothing that can define. Person and actor, Dennison insists, are alike: the distinguishing aspect is merely superficial: i.e., an audience. I recall that, in one of my more solipsistic childhood periods, I thought existence was film: mother had a featured role; the gas station attendant was a walk-on.

ROUTINE ACTS will accumulate special weight when we are conscious of being watched. You know what I mean: this awareness will obtain, for instance, in times of public anger or fear or shame. A cigarette lit: displacement activity. The texture is felt and the shape; they seem unique. Hand brought to lip, overcareful, oversignificant: we are onstage. Passionate moments imbue a thing with specificity and meaning: costume, not dress; prop, not object; line, not sentence. In *Oilers and Sweepers* Dennison has conferred a good, a dignifying dramatic self-consciousness. We are his audience. And life, that bleak life of old men who oil and sweep, is given gentle consequence.

In another story this intention will be made explicit. "The author of *Caryatids*" (a fictional, unnamed playwright, a fictional play) is speaking: "Yet our faces, for example, have become almost invisible. We see nothing but our relations with each other, psychological things, historical things, aspects of our culture. The mysterious *given-ness* of creaturely existence quite escapes us . . . I wanted to reveal it. I wanted, rather, *to recreate it in awareness*." And, "I have seen many things with unprepared eyes . . . I have no talent, no literary ability as such, only this tendency to be unprepared, and the willingness to say simply what I have seen." *Caryatids*—a reviled play—is about peristalsis, chewing, defecation. Dennison (and the nameless playwright) are alarmed by intellect: its generalizing, its romantic categories. The creature, man, is epiphany enough. Dennison has refurbished our language of vision. Things should be seen without the prejudice and indifference that comes from pre-conditioning.

But this is exposition: it cannot transmit the felt passion in George Dennison's work. He has written an exquisite, healthful book. *Oilers and Sweepers* will interrupt its own reading: to make you reconsider the ashtray, the table leg, your ridged fingernail. With such themes, of course, Dennison could not be a moralist. Cancer, to him, is lovely: a shrewd and energetic small life. Blood is just scintillating, red. Yet he does teach one absolute, prodigious truth. That those 12 cannisters must be moved in. □



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TELEVISION

The View from Sunset Boulevard
By Ben Stein
Basic Books, 156 pp., $8.95

WHAT EVERYONE DOESN'T THINK

M. J. SOBRAN

Ben Stein is known to readers of both this journal and the Wall Street one as a crack TV critic. He has specialized in superb phenomenological reports of what might be called telereality. Not much praise or blame: just a fascinated interest in the world according to the tube. A few months back he took his leave of the East to delve into the TV industry for himself.

In *The View from Sunset Boulevard*, he offers impressionistic fruits of his researches in Los Angeles. In talking to the producers and writers behind the scenes, he found out why we see what we see on our living-room screens. They spoke very ingenuously to him, and he rather noncommittally serves it up for us. What emerges is the collective *Weltanschauung* of a tiny group of people with an enormous impact (of which they are hardly conscious) on the national psyche. Stein observes: "The views of these TV people were so highly idiosyncratic and unique that they could not possibly be the dreams of a nation. It was like thinking that a taste for snuff movies or Beluga caviar was the general taste of a nation. . . .

"It is much as if the entire content of the prime-time TV hopper were fabricated by the residents of one of America's smallest towns. Everyone knows everyone else, and, also as in small towns, everyone looks like everyone else. And everyone knows what everyone else is doing.

"Everyone also knows what everyone else thinks."

Ah. There we have it. Public opinion is not what everyone thinks, but what everyone thinks everyone else thinks. The mass media specialize in fabricating such illusory consensus.

Stein turns the tables with great subtlety. He doesn't attack or satirize. He simply objectifies. He says: Look—here is what this little group of people actually thinks. As so often happens, their views are hypnotic only until you notice how they look from outside, and until you notice who holds them.

TV folk tend to be big-city ethnics: Jews, Italians, Ruthenians, people who become self-conscious before "ordinary" Americans and think the country is run by an Ivy League WASP conspiracy in a Wall Street board room. They've been to college, but not to any fancy colleges; though they make terrific money and have the aforementioned impact, they think of themselves as outsiders and even victims of WASP capitalism. They feel, in fact, underrepresented, underprivileged. They aren't militant or activist, but their attitudes shape the shows they create and produce.

Results? Well, businessmen on TV are consistently the heavies. They are behind all the crime. And the crime is calculated. In the late detective show *Harry O*, a girl was murdered by one of the following suspects: her boyfriend, a junkie, a hit man, or the owner of an architectural firm. Guess who. Capitalists are forever the real evildoers, always driven by the profit motive. Stein asked some producers and writers how they felt personally about businessmen. Stanley Kramer: Business is "part of a very great power structure which wields enormous power over the people." Meta Rosenberg (*The Rockford Files*): Business is part of "a dangerous concentration of power." Bob Schiller (*Maude*): "I don't judge. I think there are good lepers and bad lepers." Jim Brooks (*Mary Tyler Moore*): "They're all sons of bitches. They're all cannibals." Nearly all the writers questioned were convinced that big business is closely connected with the Mafia.

STEIN HAS several explanations for these attitudes toward business. One is that TV writers deal with businessmen in highly competitive and deeply unendearing circumstances. Another is that Hollywood life is itself cabal- and conspiracy-dominated, so that its denizens easily assume the rest of the world to be equally given to plotting.

Because of their own self-image, TV folk tend to identify imaginatively with despised minority groups. Hence these groups are never truly guilty of crime, not even crimes of impulse, on television. "The typical TV murder involves a well-to-do white person killing another well-to-do white person."

For similar reasons, military folk always appear stupid and callous on TV. Small towns are feared and despised by TV folk, so they are depicted as deceptively sunny, full of hypocrisy and dark secrets, which the townsfolk will kill to conceal. Kramer to Stein: "My instinct is to say that small towns are extremely reactionary. In strict pursuit of the cliché of America, they endanger America." Miss Rosenberg, asked if she was frightened by small towns, said, "No," then added: "Jesus, they did vote for Nixon." Big cities, meanwhile, are shown as full of basic human warmth.

The people of Sunset Boulevard are "a highly articulate, well-heeled, highly motivated class on the move, eager to dominate the other powerful classes and groups in society . . . They are doing neither more nor less than seeking to move their class to the top of the heap and to displace whatever stands in the way. . . . They simply want to be recognized as members of the leading stratum of society. They want their views to be looked up to. They want their way of life to be thought of as the best." □

FILM

OUR ALIENS AND THEIRS

JOHN SIMON

In my last column I discussed Woody Allen's *Manhattan* as an artistic failure. But this sporadically amusing film that is being hailed as a supreme masterpiece should also be recognized as a moral, human failure—its ethics as deficient as its aesthetics.

To start with a couple of specific examples. One of the high points of hilarity occurs when Mary (Diane Keaton), during an already comic sequence, gets a phone call from which it emerges that her analyst—whom she calls Donnie, and who is given to phoning her at 3 A.M. and crying on her shoulder—is in a coma from having taken an overdose of drugs. This is presented as a laugh line and has the audience duly in stitches. There may, of course, be the odd psychiatrist who does go to pieces, but

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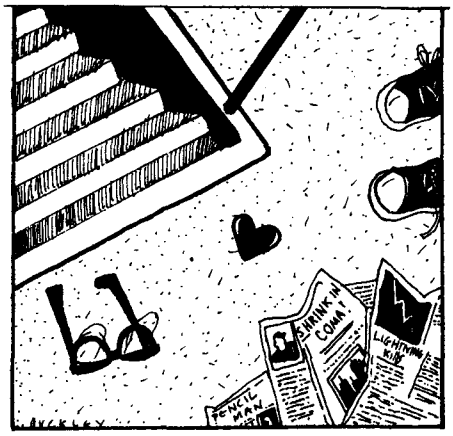
the implication here is that—like most artists and almost all intellectuals in the film—psychiatrists are frauds as a group. In any case, nobody's coma is a laughing matter, except in an absurdist context; that, however, is not the framework in which this film operates. And the joke is particularly offensive coming from Allen, who has been in psychotherapy for years.

Worse yet is a wisecrack during a storm scene in Central Park. Isaac (Woody Allen) grouses about the danger of being struck by lightning: "I don't want to turn into one of those guys who sell comic books outside Bloomingdale's." The jocular reference here is quite specific: to one particular wretched man, a victim of cerebral palsy or something like it, who sells old comic books outside Bloomingdale's. This seems to me triply reprehensible. First, because the poor fellow, who has indeed been knocked over by an occasional gust of wind, is hardly a fit subject for mirth, least of all from someone as successful and rich as Allen, who, instead of ridiculing him, could afford to help out financially. Secondly, this awkward and unsightly creature does not look so very different from Allen himself, who owes his self-deluding success with women to the sexual appeal of power, which alone permits him to condescend to his *semblable* and *frère* outside Bloomingdale's. Thirdly, Allen lacks even the courage of his inhuman convictions: he changes the *single* man outside the department store into "those guys"—either to dilute, however piddlingly, the sting of the remark, or to avoid legal complications should a champion of the unfortunate fellow present himself.

YET THE bad moral climate of *Manhattan* is not confined to such isolated moments. As in *Annie Hall*, there is again, and still more strongly, the implication that women are wicked or boring and can be redeemed solely through loving Woody Allen, the only decent male on the scene. Thus Isaac's two former wives have not only left him, but also gone on to lives that are perceived as absurd, if not contemptible. The second wife, the lesbian Jill, even publishes a tasteless book about the failed marriage, gratuitously or meretriciously exposing Isaac's foibles to the world of prurient gossip. Emily, the wife of Isaac's two-timing friend Yale, is a dull



and pathetic creature, clumsily trying to hold on to her husband by wanting a baby, which would only make for yet another miserable life. Mary, of course, is a total mess, morally, mentally, and emotionally. Only the teen-aged Tracy, who adores Isaac even after he throws her over, has true moral stature.

And the men? Yale is a liar, cheat, weakling, and exploiter of his best friend; Jeremiah, the ex-husband whom Mary keeps talking of as an intellectual giant and sexual demigod, is revealed to be a puny and unappetizing nonentity (played by Wallace Shawn—perhaps the only actor in New York who looks worse than Woody Allen), or, as Isaac puts it pleonastically, a "little homunculus." Even marginal male figures turn out to be such unsavory things as directors of pretentiously pseudo-intellectual pornographic movies.

Oh, but Isaac is good and pure and lovable for all his filigree peccadillos—indeed, because of them. He is a loving father to his son and even maintains good feelings for the boy's faithless, lesbian mother; he does not make a play for Mary until Yale hands her over on a platter of silver-tongued lying oratory; he lets down Tracy in the most forthright, sympathetic, and paternally concerned way, and then becomes a patient and supportive lover to the infuriating Mary; finally, when he returns repentantly to Tracy, although he does try to prevent her sensible and justified departure for London, his behavior is not inconsistent with genuine albeit belated passion, and he does give in gracefully and touchingly as the film ends. And even in his righteous anger and hurt, Isaac confronts Yale without falling into undignified pathos or violence; quite improbably, he keeps cracking jokes and winning at wit while losing in love.

Yet even this unappetizingly smug self-exaltation is not the ultimate moral (and intellectual) failure of the film. Most irresponsible is the implication that a thoroughly decent man of 42 can find fulfillment in love and sex only with a 17-year-old girl. Mind you, it is neither Tracy's (Mariel Hemingway's) age nor the difference in ages between Tracy and Isaac—not even the underlying real-life nexus between Allen and Hemingway—that bothers me: if Humbert Humbert and Lolita could have found happiness together, I would have been all for it. What I deplore is the notion that maturing corrupts people, and that only beings as privilegedly childlike as Isaac and Tracy (though even *she* may be corrupted by six months in swinging London) can truly love. If there is anything our era does not need —on screen or elsewhere—it is a paean to immaturity, an attempt to pass off infantilism as the sole protector of our amatory relationships.

P.S.: To most ears, the film's penultimate line sounds like "Everybody gets corrupted," though, I learn, it is "Not everybody gets corrupted." This affects a point or two in my previous column, but does not alter my basic argument. It also makes for a weaker, less suggestive line.

Alien is an expensively produced space-horror picture in which interstellar voyagers find their spacecraft invaded by a virtually indestructible monster that devours them one by one. The movie, directed by Ridley Scott (who seems to have a Conrad fixation: his first feature, *The Duellists*, was a misguided adaptation of a Conrad story; here, the space ship is called the *Nostromo*), has the usual number of inconsistencies, improbabilities, and outright absurdities characteristic of the sci-fi and horror genres. What is interesting, though, is its hostile critical reception, despite the excellent visual values, direction that is no more hokey than usual in such films, dialogue that (when it is decipherable) is par for the course, and acting that is generally superior.

What earmarks *Alien* as a probable audience hit and certifiable critical flop is merely that the horror is more horrible than usual, and the loathsomeness —for loathsomeness there certainly is—

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basically unfudged. In other words, cinematic horror is running into the same problem that sex and violence ran into earlier. The appetite for sex and violence seems inexhaustible and, by and large, unimpeded as long as these are rendered grotesquely, unbelievably or just plain ineptly. Thus sex and violence were convicted only for their unconvincingness—conviction for conviction, as it were. For fanciers of horror, among whose number I do not count myself, *Alien* is recommendable, provided that they are free from hypocrisy and finicky stomachs; the leading performance by the appealing and gifted Sigourney Weaver can be recommended to others as well. □

ART

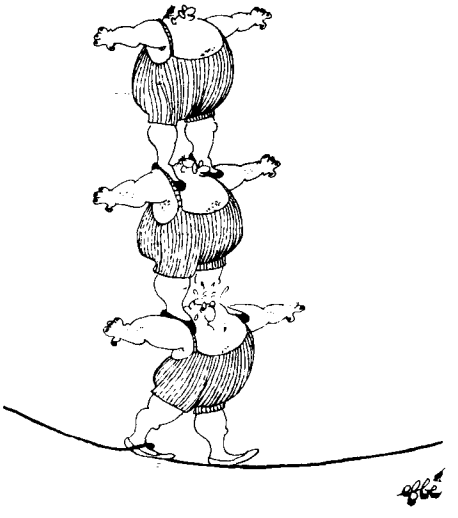
AT HOME ABROAD

RUTH BERENSON

Had I not been conscious of being away from New York because the garbage was invisible, a month spent poking around museums and galleries in Germany and Switzerland might have convinced me I had never left home. Judging from what I saw—admittedly a spotty sampling—the current situation of the arts there seems much as it is in America: a state—one hopes it is only temporary—of suspended animation. Figures and movements whose merits and meanings were being hotly debated ten and twenty years ago are still omnipresent and monopolize exhibition space, their once radical-seeming innovations petrified as though in amber. Nowhere did I encounter the least glimmering of a new trend or unfamiliar talent; only the headline-makers of yesteryear and their all too numerous disciples. Abstract Expressionism, Pop, Minimalism, Conceptualism, Photorealism, New Realism—you name it—and you'll find it as easily on Munich's Prinzregentenstrasse as in SoHo or on Madison Avenue. True, the Germans pay more attention to native practitioners of Fantastic Realism like Horst Antes and Horst Janssen (the latter a draughtsman of incredible refinement and macabre inventiveness, deserves to be better known here). But basically the art scenes of Munich, Zurich, Düsseldorf, and New York seem interchangeable. The Ludwig Collection, Germany's best-known assemblage of recent art, occupying the top floor of the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne pending the completion of its own building, adds up to a smaller, less choice version of the Museum of Modern Art or the Whitney, with few novelties for overseas visitors except its German Expressionists. Unfortunately I missed Munich's Grosse Kunstausstellung, the huge annual that, each June, occupies the premises of the Haus der Kunst, sole survivor of Hitler's architectural megalomania. However, an advance look at the catalogue seemed to promise that, like its smaller, Whitney-like cousin, it would be more of the same.

What did impress me on this trip was the way the German museums are delving into their country's nineteenth century past. Other countries are doing likewise, of course, as witness the mammoth "Art of the Third Empire" that played the Grand Palais in Paris last winter after opening in Philadelphia; recent British reassessments of late-Victorianism also demonstrate the same tendency. In Germany, however, the entire century has come under intensive review, a process that has discredited critics of the 1920s who, like so many Americans of the period, looked at the art of their recent past through French-tinted glasses, dismissing as inferior everything that failed to conform to these standards.

That what was out is now in, that what was thought *kitsch* is now valued, is apparent in Nuremberg, where the Germanische Nationalmuseum, one of the country's oldest and most respected institutions—famous for its Dürers is proudly exhibiting a selection from the nineteenth century collection assembled by the late ball-bearing tycoon, Georg Schaefer, who acquired most of it in the postwar period when there was no competition. By hanging the pictures, which together encapsulate the century, in specially designed new galleries, the museum is making an obvious bid to keep them; as well it might, if only for the four brilliant examples it holds of the great Romantic mystic Caspar David Friedrich.



Two other large shows, of Bavarian landscapes in Munich and of the nineteenth century Düsseldorf school in Düsseldorf's Kunstmuseum, further exemplify this trend. For Americans, the Düsseldorf display has special meaning and importance since so many of our best-known artists—Emanuel Leutze, Worthington Whittredge, Albert Bierstadt, Richard Caton Woodville, and Eastman Johnson among them—studied there, part of a student body from all of Europe, even Russia. All are represented in the show, though that quintessential piece of Düsseldorf Americana, Leutze's *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, is unfortunately missing.

WHETHER German or American, most viewers may find that they are still too close in time to many of these Düsseldorfers to see them as other than representatives of high camp, rather like the movies of Cecil B. De Mille. The religious paintings, especially, are sticky-sweet in a way that is wholly unacceptable today; alas, their influence lingers on in the Virgins and Magdalenes for sale in most church supply stores. Yet many of these artists possessed not only unrivaled technical skills but a sure sense of drama: Theodor Hildebrand's close-up rendering of the two little princes sleeping in the Tower a moment before their murder has the pathos and cinematic immediacy of a D. W. Griffith.

As for the Americans, the exhibition shows that those who studied in Düsseldorf in the 1850s and '60s, and dominated American art in succeeding years, were crucially affected by their experience, more so than has been generally realized. Bierstadt's vast Rocky Mountain dramas are a tribute to the way his teacher, Wilhelm Schirmer, painted the

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Alps, employing the same topographical accuracy and bathing their peaks in a similar, if less intense, luminescence. The gentle fun-poking of Woodville's well-known *War News from Mexico* clearly derives from Peter Hasenclever's satirical vignettes, while the idealized Negroes in Eastman Johnson's *My Old Kentucky Home* are blackface versions of the happy German peasants beloved of Ludwig Knaus. It would appear that long before the term was coined the Düsseldorf school spawned an International Style. □

TRAVEL

THE LAND WHERE UP IS DOWN

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

It's after lunch our sixth day out. To our left the yellow sands reach within a quarter-mile of the wide brown waters of the river, separated from it by a patchwork of bright green alfalfa and musky-jade wheat: a few mud-brick huts, a cemetery of raised beehive graves, some graceful date palms. Two men sitting well back on the rumps of their donkeys trot past, brown legs dangling from beneath their flowing blue *gallabiyehs*. Natalie Lewis looks up from her guide book. "It was somewhere just about here," she says (we are about two hundred miles south of Cairo), "that Jesus, Mary, and Joseph lived." Not much about the Egyptian countryside has changed in the intervening two thousand years; not much had changed between the building of Cheops' Great Pyramid at Giza, nearly three thousand years earlier, and the day Joseph decided he had brought his family far enough into Egypt to be safe from Herod's sword.

We no longer find this in the least astonishing. Interesting yes, indeed fascinating: astonishing no. In traveling through Egypt we've seen men plowing with wooden plows, women washing their clothes in the rivers and canals, children shaping mud patties into bricks and stacking them to bake in the sun, water buffalo walking mile after mile in tight circles, turning the wheels that bring up water to irrigate the fields.

There are forty of us on this two-and-a-half-week Lindblad tour of Egypt, aboard the spanking new *Aswan* and *Abu Simbel*. They are comfortable shallow-draft boats drawing about three feet of water. (The larger passenger boats built by Hilton and Sheraton can't sail the lower Nile. They operate only between Luxor and Aswan.) The advantage of the smaller passenger steamer is that aboard it one explores not only the high spots but the small temples and cliff tombs, the mortuaries where mummified ibises, baboons, and crocodiles are buried by the thousands; one sees the countryside As It Is Lived. The tourist in a hurry will never see Esna, the temple you go down to visit; it has been dug out from under the existing town. Or Edfu, possibly the most beautiful, certainly the best preserved of the Ptolemaic temples. It is dedicated to Horos, the falcon-headed god. Or wake up one morning in the shadow of Kom Ombo, which stands on a promontory at a bend of the Nile. Three boats are moored here today, our two, and a down-at-the-heels paddlewheeler, the *Memnon*, on which *Death on the Nile*, starring David Niven, Peter Ustinov, Bette Davis, Angela Lansbury, and others, was filmed only two years ago.

This piece is largely about these and other out-of-the-way sights and impressions.

Each of our air-conditioned boats has ten double cabins (beds and bunks), with private bathrooms (shower). The top deck is ours to enjoy during the lazy late-morning and afternoon sails, half of it open to the sun, the other half under a protective tarpaulin. There's a large and comfortable lounge and bar, and a big airy dining room with four tables of six each. Our British hostess, Kathy Baguley, and Jannat Rouchdi, our Egyptologist, entertain and instruct us during meals; nothing that might enhance our enjoyment or comfort—or whimsy—is left undone.

For instance (just one of dozens one could mention), when we board the assorted means of transport provided (dromedary, donkey, horse and buggy, flatbed truck, felucca, ferry) we are instructed when and what to tip the driver/taximan/sailor/donkey or dromeary handler and often given the 25-piaster note (40 cents) with which to do it. Don't, Kathy warns us, give your dromedary driver the tip he will insist you give him (*now, at once, please Miss, baksheesh for the camel*), until you are safely on the ground and in the right place. (We are also told how to say "Please don't bother me" in Arabic, and hold in reserve, for moments of intense irritation, a rude word meaning "Scram!")

We had transferred directly to the boats from Cairo airport and were piped aboard by captain and crew. First day is Cairo—the Museum, the mosques, the great bazaar, a sampling of the flavors of Egypt, ancient and modern. Jannat, a graduate of the American College in Cairo, will accompany us everywhere on the trip. At the Cairo Museum she picks selectively from the thousands upon thousands of exhibits. Everything she shows us here will be related to something we will see in our 13 days' sail south, from the pyramids of the Ancient Kingdom at Memphis and Sakkara, to the glories of the New Kingdom at Abydos and Luxor, to the Ptolemaic and Roman temples at Dendera, Edfu, and Kom Ombo.

Jannat sets us straight about the Nile. It flows from the great mountains of central Africa over four thousand miles

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north to the Mediterranean. What is up topographically—those mountains—is also up historically. Upper Egypt is south, Lower Egypt north.

Next day, Giza: the dromedary ride (you may call them camels, we know they are dromedaries), the pyramids, and the Sphinx—all, including the camels, larger and more battered than we expected, but, as a French tourist exclaimed, *impressionnant*: the Great Pyramid standing almost white in the obliterating blaze of the noonday sun, then deepening to a golden bronze as we return at dusk for the *Son et Lumière*.

Our first ride through the country, along a busy canal to Sakkara. A visit to the mastaba of Merihura. (A mastaba is a bench-shaped tomb of a noble or officer.) Meri's is our first glimpse *in situ* of the bas-reliefs we will see everywhere, stylized carvings that changed very little over four thousand years of ancient Egyptian history, not under the Greeks, not under the Romans. Scenes from the everyday life of a noble, some serious, some less so. Merihura we see standing stiffly in his papyrus boat, throwing-stick (boomerang) in hand, as ducks and geese flush from the reeds. Under the boat, in the water, there is another hunting scene, a frolic. A baby hippo is followed by a mother hippo, who has in her mouth a very small crocodile. Behind her paddles papa hippo, apparently unaware that a very large crocodile is chomping on his tail. A realistic but less amusing sculpture shows tax collectors beating a delinquent peasant taxpayer.

The boats cast off at 3:00 A.M., but we are allowed to sleep to 8:30. Cairo and its urban bustle are behind us, but not all industry. The green, green fields on both banks and the tall palm groves are interspersed with ugly red brick chimneys and brick-red yards. Bricks are carried to market by working feluccas, broad-bottomed, flat boats powered by sail and oar. On the banks, plenty of action. Children rush to the shore, and into the water at times, waving, whistling, calling "Carter, Carter, Jee-mie Carter." (It is a week since Carter returned from the Middle East with an agreement for the peace treaty.)

The country is fertile, alfalfa and wheat, tomatoes, onions, garlic, sugar cane, cotton, and citrus fruits. At some points the green strip bordering the river can be measured in yards, at others in miles: one, two, five, ten—seldom is it much wider than that any place south of Cairo. From time to time the warm breezes waft over us the aroma of the orange blossoms, and other aromas less salubrious. Small boys working the *shadoufs*—a pail at the end of a long weighted pole by which water is lifted from the Nile and emptied into irrigation ditches higher up—drop everything to whistle at us, and call "*Hel*-lo."

Bird-watchers Jim Buckley and Natalie Lewis sweep the shores with their glasses. The rest of us talk, read up on Egypt, take pictures, wave to the children, doze, sun, play backgammon, dominoes, and cribbage. But mostly we watch the moving tableaux on shore, where locomotion is by camel and dromedary, water buffalo and foot, and along the river, where the feluccas and flatboats, propelled by long flat oars and massive grey sails, carry bricks,

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limestone, granite, pottery, sugar cane, grain, fruit, and vegetables to the populous North. Only four million of Egypt's forty million people live along the narrow fertile shores of the Upper Nile.

It is 7:45 and madame's donkey awaits. We climb on deck, bleary-eyed, to face another hot sunny day, and see forty donkeys drawn up for our pleasure, all of them named Louisa. Those of us not floored by The Green Nile—a gripping intestinal disorder that Maketh Even Strong Men to Weep—pile aboard and take off at a brisk trot through a native village. Cricket Laun pauses to take a picture of two girls in bright-colored *gallabiyehs*, their babies sitting astraddle their shoulders. A gap-toothed man in a dirty white robe steps in front of them and grins, motioning to Cricket to take *his* picture. It never occurs to him that it is they—mere women—who are of interest.

We ride a mile, maybe two, then trudge up a steep hill to the cliff tombs of Beni Hassan, built in the Intermediate Period. The bas-relief in the first shows fighting men in various poses, the action advancing from one panel to the next—rigidly stylized figures that yet give the impression of motion. There are scenes of sowing and reaping; here a reluctant taxpayer is being stretched, and a woman caught in adultery is being stoned.

TWO DAYS later, another early morning expedition to see—nothing. Once a magnificent city covered this vast plain, trees grew, gardens flowered, fountains played. A young king, Akhenaton, and his young queen, the beautiful Nefertiti, reigned here in isolation and splendor, devoting their lives to their god, Aton of the Sundisk, a god of light and love. Their dream was a momentary blip in Egypt's story, lasting a dozen years or so. Akhenaton disappears from history, as does his queen—no one knows how they died—and the avenging priests of Amon, the god Aton had replaced, swept through Akhenaton's city and destroyed it, stone by stone, mud brick by mud brick. We stand where Akhenaton's palace once stood and see nothing but a handful of stone columns, the tracings of walls, all that is left of Tell-el-Amarna, as it is now called.

Balyana we won't forget, for very contemporary reasons. It is while anchored here that we gather on deck to watch the signing of the peace treaty in

Washington. It is coming to us, halfway around the world, by satellite, in English. Around us are the crew. They are listening to the commentary in Arabic over Bud Dinner's Japanese transistor radio while watching the action on our TV screen. "Jee-mie Carter," they say, and, "Sadat." And we shake hands. Ibraham, the young steward, brings up wine—his gift to us Americans, friends of Egypt, on this night of nights. Jannat kisses each of us—"A kiss for the peace treaty," she says.

Four or five nights later, in Aswan, Ibraham summons us on deck. Downstream from us fireworks are bursting in air, great rockets of yellow, green, blue, and red, fiery spangles and bangles. Sadat has arrived home in triumph from Washington, and along the Nile tonight, from Alexandria to Aswan, fireworks explode in joy.

And yet—and yet we are reminded at Karnak how old is the enmity of Egypt and Israel. Jannat points out a sculptured relief of Israeli prisoners being carried into slavery in Egypt after the sack of Jerusalem, in the reign of Solomon's successor, King Jeraboam.

Karnak defies description: it also defies cameras. There is no way to step far enough back to capture the columns in the Great Hall of Hypostyle. It is said that fifty men can stand on the top of one of them. But here's a glancing impression. As we leave the hundred-acre temple after the *Son et Lumière*, the muezzin is calling the people to prayer. These calls form part of the background soundtrack of our day and are marvelously mournful. The stars crowd the firmament, clear and close, and the air is balmy. So must it have been 3,500 years ago when the priests carried the golden barque of the god from his sanctuary in Karnak, past Hatshepsut's obelisk, down the avenue of ram-headed sphinxes that march from Karnak into, and under, a native village to emerge, still in measured ranks, on the approaches to the temple of Luxor at the edge of the Nile.

Things permament and ephemeral. The buildings remain, the gods have vanished. The peasant uses the wooden plow of his ancestors, but the Great Nile no longer bursts from its bed in yearly inundations.

Hatshepsut's obelisk stands where it has always stood within the precincts of Karnak, but the inscription she caused to be carved on its base in the days of her pride, "I put up this great monument to the sight of all visitors and of the generations that shall come after to admire my works," is gone, covered up by masonry within days of her death by order of her successor, Thutmose III.

Giant statues of Ramses II—the temples he built and the temples he said he built (he was a great one for putting his royal signature on other men's monuments)—dot the Egyptian scenery from Sakkara in the north to Abu Simbel in the south. But in his mortuary chapel, the Ramesseum, across the river from Luxor, at the edge of the great western desert, what was once the third largest statue in Egypt—after the Sphinx and Abu Simbel—lies shattered upon the ground, only a few large fragments of it remaining. This was the statue that caused the poet Shelley to write his sonnet to pride. George Stone, tall, quiet, unhurried, stands by that monument to impermanence and recites, ". . . Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair. . . ." And we, like that traveler from an antique land, look past George and that tumbled majesty to the lone and level sands stretching far away, boundless and bare. . . . □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

JOHN FORD, *by Andrew Sinclair (Dial, 305 pp., $11.95)*. Growing up in Portland, Maine, this youngest son of Galway-born parents had four loves: Ireland, Catholicism, the sea, and the American West. At the age of 19, following a trail blazed by an older brother, he headed West, to Hollywood, where America's movie industry was being born. He dropped the name Feeney for the more American Ford (as

(Continues on page 877)

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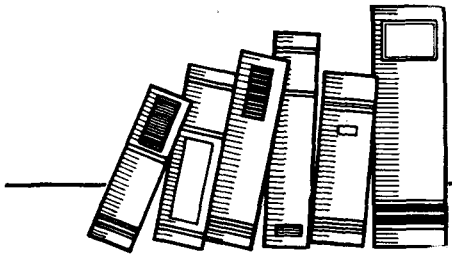

Dark Horses

IF THE OFFICERS of an American business corporation ran up enormous debts, kept borrowing money to pay off obligations, and then juggled the books and made false statements to cover up what they were doing, it is extremely likely that they would face indictment and eventual jail terms.

The same sort of behavior can occur at the political level, however, and nobody seems to bat an eye. Certainly no one is packed off to jail. The point is made by *New York* magazine writer Ken Auletta in *The Streets Were Paved with Gold* (Random House, $12.95). A definitive survey of New York City's financial crisis, Auletta's book—a masterpiece of reporting and analysis—shows beyond all peradventure that the corporate behavior hypothesized above has been SOP for years in New York political circles.

The city's basic problem, Auletta discloses, is a familiar one in politics—the ancient lure of something for nothing. Its leaders have built careers on promising more of everything to everybody: free medical and educational services, subsidized housing, and copious welfare payments, plus fancy wages and lavish benefits for municipal employees. As a result, New York's per capita taxes became the highest in the nation.

As the tax burden has mounted, numerous businesses and individuals have fled the scene. In an effort to stem the exodus, New York officials tried to finance their enormous payouts through gimmicks rather than additional taxes: "moral obligation" bonds, phonied-up revenue projections to attract federal and state aid, switching obligations from one year to the next, and constant borrowing (up to $2 billion a year just to cover operating expenses).

In 1975, the whole disorderly edifice came crashing down—or very nearly. Only the intervention of the Federal Government kept the city from going technically bankrupt. On reflection, Auletta suggests, it would probably have been better had the bankruptcy been permitted to occur, clearing the way for a true revamping of the city's finances.

Concealing unpleasant data from the public is not, of course, unusual conduct for politicians. Witness Bruce R. Bartlett's *Cover-Up: The Politics of Pearl Harbor* (Arlington House, $8.95), a useful summary of the subterfuges, misrepresentations, and abuses of authority through which Franklin Roosevelt maneuvered the United States into World War II. For those who think the "imperial Presidency" was created by Richard Nixon, historian Bartlett's researches should prove illuminating.

As Bartlett demonstrates, Roosevelt in the late Thirties and early Forties was on the horns of a dilemma: on the one hand, he wanted to bring the country into the war in order to help an embattled England against the Nazis; on the other hand, he was faced at home with overwhelming sentiment against involvement—sentiment to which he had catered in the 1940 election by pledging that "Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars."

NOW FDR's chosen way out of this political impasse was to do everything he could behind the scenes to arm the British and to seek an incident with the Germans, and subsequently the Japanese, that would dramatize to the American public the aggressiveness of the Axis powers and the need for the United States to fight to defend itself. It was this strategy which led at last to the attack against Pearl Harbor.

Whatever one thinks about our involvement in the war, the strategy of deception outlined by Bartlett was morally questionable, to say the least. It seems the more so when we reflect that the U.S. had broken the Japanese secret code, and knew an attack in the Pacific was a virtual certainty in late November or early December 1941. The Administration did not inform our Pearl Harbor commanders of this fact, however, and afterward tried to make them the scapegoats for the destruction of the Pacific Fleet.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 874)

his brother did before him) and, after a brief career as a stuntman, tried his hand directing movies. By the time he was 25, in 1920, Ford had directed 29 features, all but three of them Westerns. In the years that followed, he directed over one hundred more films. Whatever his subject (usually a celebration of at least one of the four loves of his youth), John Ford's movies consistently—and, Sinclair says, unconsciously—demonstrated a reverence for the democratic values of liberty and property under law. What he consciously strove to do in all his movies, Ford said, was capture "the naked truth in the midst of rapid, even brutal, action." What intrigued him were "the consequences of a tragic moment—how the individual acts before a crucial act, or in an exceptional circumstance." In a career that spanned half a century, Ford captured many naked truths and many tragic moments in an *œuvre* that includes such masterworks as *The Informer* (1935), *Stagecoach* (1939), *Young Mr. Lincoln* (1939), *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940), *They Were Expendable* (1945), *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949), *The Quiet Man* (1952), *The Long Grey Line* (1955), *Mr. Roberts* (with Mervyn LeRoy—1955), *The Searchers* (1956), and *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962). Though he claimed to consider himself only a run-of-the-mill director, his peers rated him much higher. Eisenstein praised him as the director he most admired; Darryl Zanuck called him the best director in the history of motion pictures. Sinclair, in his entrancing book, leaves no doubt about how he rates him.

KEVIN LYNCH

CONFESSIONS AND AVOIDANCE, *by Leon Jaworski, with Mickey Herskowitz (Anchor/Doubleday, 326 pp., $10.95).* It was not likely that Leon Jaworski, with all the contemporary history he has witnessed and made, could fail to produce a memoir of the top rank. This first-generation American learned his lawyering the hard way: as the appointed defense counsel for a black farmhand accused of the ghastly murder of a white couple in Waco, Texas in 1929. He volunteered for service in World War II at the age of 36, served in the Judge Advocate General's Corps, and prosecuted the first war-crimes trial organized under provisions of the Geneva Convention (four months prior to the Nuremberg trials). For years he was retained by the litigious, legendary Texas wildcatter, Glenn McCarthy, the model for Jett Rink in Edna Ferber's novel *Giant*. He successfully represented Lyndon Johnson in 1960 when Johnson's right to run simultaneously for re-election to the Senate and election to the Vice Presidency was challenged (he later declined President Johnson's grateful offer of a Supreme Court seat), served as President of the American Bar Association, and prosecuted Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett for his 1962 defiance of federal integration orders. Jaworski ran the Texas end of the Warren Commission's investigation into President Kennedy's assassination, capped a career teeming with the kinds of highlights most lawyers only dream of with his 8 to 0 victory before the U.S. Supreme Court in the case of *The United States of America v. Richard Nixon*, and finally served as counsel to the House Ethics Committee during its investigation of the Korean influence-buying scandal. Yet Jaworski, with the help of a successful young ghost-writer, defies the heavy odds in his favor. This book is readable and swiftly paced, but it is interesting primarily because it is Jaworski's story. There is no penetrating analysis, and the superficial treatment Jaworski gives to the many compelling stories he has to tell does not do them justice. And here and there the reader is distracted by the sort of inexcusable flub that would not be expected from the combined efforts of an experienced attorney and a skilled ghost-writer. *Confessions and Avoidance* is an amusing and informative book. It should have been an important one, as well.

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

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Our Leader Strikes Again

On The Right

New York, June 16—President Carter's difficulties with the nature and provenance of the Rhodesian Constitution cannot be taken seriously. De facto power in Rhodesia had been held by a white minority since the territory, which comprised native tribes without any sense of nationhood, was settled by white colonialists in the nineteenth century. The whole Rhodesian idea, planted by Henry Kissinger at his historic encounter with Ian Smith in 1976, was to *evolve* toward a bi-racial society which would secure the rights of the minority.

The white Rhodesian formula, which holds out certain guarantees to the minority, does so for a specified period of ten years, after which the constitution can be changed by the will of the majority. Meanwhile the chief executive is black, and 78 per cent of the legislative assembly; and the assembly includes members of more than one political party. In all of Africa there is only one state that approaches the standards of democratic integrity and minority rights written into this constitution. No, what Carter worries about is the reaction within Africa to a lifting of the sanctions. His decision is governed by his concern for "world opinion."

When the Saudis, in retaliation against the aid given to Israel during the 1973 war, announced a freeze on exports, resulting in acute shortages over a painful period of several months, public opinion polls, taken before and after the boycott, revealed that there had been no change whatever in U.S. backing for Israel. The figure stood resolute, at 70 per cent approval. It was a fine hour for the United States, during which we advised the Arab countries that our foreign policy was not for sale. There might be circumstances, Secretary of State Kissinger candidly announced, in which the United States would be forced to use military power to get oil. But none in which we would justify betraying an ally for commercial advantage.

But the arguments now being used, for instance by Andrew Young, have to do with our fear of—Nigeria! Years ago, Professor John Roche was asked, Was he not frightened by Senator McCarthy? He replied, on reflection, that his fear of McCarthyism ranked 24th in his hierarchy of fears, just ahead of his fear of college presidents, and behind his fear of being eaten alive by piranhas.

We are afraid of losing Nigerian oil patronage! And also of incurring the displeasure of the states that harbor the so-called Patriotic Front. Afraid of Mozambique, Zambia, and Botswana, plus those other African states which cavil at Bishop Muzorewa, having for years tolerated Idi Amin; continuing to this day to tolerate the Emperor Bokassa, and the presence of Cuban troops.

If President Carter fears African displeasure at the offense of recognizing a bi-racial de facto government in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, then we have for a President a man who is entirely too frightened to serve the best interests of his country or of the world.

That much said, let us focus on the effect of Carter's decision on South Africa. It will be devastating. Nothing Carter could have done would more effectively have undermined the position of the racial progressives in South Africa. And not without reason. If at any time in the future the South Africans were to extend to the black population the freedom now enjoyed by the blacks in Rhodesia, a near-miracle would have been accomplished.

By adhering to the kind of democratic abstractionism that rejects, even as a constitutional waystation, the present arrangements in Rhodesia, while finding nothing to cavil at in the racism and tribalism practiced in the despotic countries of Africa, Carter has sent out a signal to the whites in South Africa that *nothing* is to be gained by giving ground. If Rhodesian bi-racialism fails, under the pressure of the barbarian-ideologues we appear to favor, one cannot reasonably expect that any evolution in South Africa toward bi-racialism will not be set back a generation. For this reason, Mr. Carter should be overruled. There are ways to accomplish this, and Congress, whose opposition to the President is a matter of record, should assert itself.

Mrs. Thatcher, meanwhile, has not distinguished herself in the first act of this diplomatic melodrama. Her government had pre-emptive rights in respect of Rhodesia. It was, after all, at the bidding of Great Britain that the United Nations declared Rhodesia an illegitimate state. But Mrs. Thatcher clearly did not wish to accept the burden of recognizing the Muzorewa government in advance of the Commonwealth meeting in August. Whether Zimbabwe-Rhodesia can hold out until then is, ironically, in the hands of a) Congress; and b) South Africa. □

THE PANAMA QUAGMIRE

New York, June 10—Concerning the effort by members of the House of Representatives to derail the Panama treaties, a few observations:

1. There is only one discipline indispensable to self-government: that is acquiescence in a political fait accompli. The reason democracy doesn't work most places in the world is that corporate political decisions are not accepted as binding by the whole of the population. Vice President Richard Nixon had very good reason to believe, in November 1960, that he had in fact won the election. It is the most statesmanlike act of his career that he failed to press his claim. Because if he had done so, the country would have been thrown into chaos. Better, in other words, to have permitted Mayor Daley to steal votes in Chicago, than to dismantle the Republic.

2. The current effort by a few congressmen to draft legislation implementing the Panama treaties isn't, in terms of the proposals of Congressman Hansen, an effort at contriving harmonious legislative devices to implement a treaty passed by two-thirds of the United States Senate. It is, really, an effort to repeal that treaty. No one can, in clear conscience, recognize it as anything but that.

Another way to put it is this: if the Hansen proposals were written into law, the resulting situation would be one that Panama would never have agreed to during the decade of negotiations that led to the 1977 treaties. Moreover, the Hansen proposals ask for more than United States negotiators ever asked for under four Presidents, two of them Democrats, two of them Republicans.

Among other things, Mr. Hansen is asking the Panamanians to pay to the U.S. the cost of constructing the Canal plus interest. One wonders why, while he is at it,

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Mr. Hansen hasn't proposed that Panama also reimburse the Congress for the time it has spent in discussing the Panama problem. The fact of it is that the Hansen proposals are parliamentary exploitation of an unseemly sort. They are the equivalent of a Democratic Congress refusing to pay the cost of the inaugural ceremonies of a Republican President.

3. Any discussion of money, in the Panama treaty situation, is easily confused if one doesn't take carefully into account that revenues from the operation of the Canal aren't infinitely expansible. It is all very well to say, blithely, that the Panama Canal Commission should raise the toll charges 10, 30, 50, 100 per cent. But the demand for the Canal is highly elastic. As matters now stand, a freighter traveling from Osaka to New York will flip a coin in deciding whether to use the Panama Canal or the Suez Canal.

THE United States has a clear interest in keeping the cost of the Canal down. And, under the treaty, a commission the majority of whose members are U.S. citizens would set the toll charges. To impose on Panama economic burdens that could only be discharged by raising those toll charges would result in heavy impositions on shipping and higher costs to importers and consumers; and, at the margin, in diminished gross revenues as a result of unbearable costs. Thus the Hansen proposals, viewed economically, are an invitation to make the Panama Canal obsolete.

4. Assuming the Hansen proposals carried in the House, what would the situation then be? Well, the Senate obviously would decline to go along. A majority of the Senate is hardly going to vote to undo what two-thirds of the Senate voted to do last year after the most prolonged debate since the Missouri Compromise. Under the circumstances, the treaty, scheduled to go into effect on October 1, 1979, would be frozen for lack of funds required for its implementation.

This would leave us with what? Not with the treaty of 1903. That treaty was formally repealed by the Senate when the fresh treaties were enacted. There is no way that Congressman Hansen can bring back the old treaty. We would be left without an operative arrangement with Panama. In legal limbo, so to speak. Panama could then legally seize the Canal, withdrawing its commitments under the 1977 treaty on the grounds that the partner to that treaty had not acted in good faith. And we would then be left with—the United States Marines. Period. We would have cut ourselves off from the juridical and moral and military rights we now formally have, but which some people are prepared to give away for one round of applause at an American Legion rally. □

THE PROPHET

New York, June 14—The Pope has come and gone, and what will the Polish people now do? And the Polish state? What, as Western instrumentalists like to put it, has been "accomplished"?

One strains for prophetic help. It is a coincidence so bizarre as to defy credence. But halfway through John Paul's pilgrimage to his own country I had reason to forage in old files. I came upon a letter from Whittaker Chambers which, because it had been misplaced, was not published in the volume *Odyssey of a Friend* (1970) and therefore has never been seen other than by the addressee, 22 years ago.

Chambers wrote in April 1957, six months after the Russians had quieted the Poles by appointing the tough-minded Communist Gomulka as Polish satrap. Cardinal Wyszynski—then as now—was primate of Polish Catholics. And Cardinal Wyszynski, who shaped the present Pope's political development, launched Poland on a controversial course, dramatically at odds with his counterpart in Hungary, the tortured, heroic, ascetic Cardinal Mindszenty who, having lingered in Communist dungeons, was freed for a few glorious days by the freedom fighters, only to take refuge in the American Embassy in Budapest where he would live twenty years until he became an embarrassment to detente. The two cardinals, one of them breathing a kind of coffined defiance, the other going about the streets of Polish towns attending shrewdly to his workaday chores as minister to the spiritual needs of his countrymen.

"Those Poles and Hungarians," Chambers wrote, "stand looking at us from the fastness of that difference which is rooted in a simpler experience of sweat, blood, filth, death.

". . . I have been a Wyszynski man *ab initio*. I have argued that his course was right because no other course was possible. I am afraid that I have deeply disappointed (perhaps even estranged) certain Catholic friends by my unbudgeability on this point. I point [to] . . . the contrasting attitudes of their Cardinals. No one who has not suffered so much may judge Cardinal Mindszenty, even if he were stupid enough to incline to. But contrasting policy results can be appreciated; I hold that the contrast favors the results in Poland. Early in the crisis, I took part in a private group discussion on these contrasting policies; a discussion that under its formal courtesy constantly threatened to flare, in part, I believe, because one faction was astonished to find me pro-Wyszynski, and took it as a defection. It is nothing of the kind. With the knife at your throat (the situation of the Poles and of their Cardinal), there are only two choices: to maneuver, *knowing fully the chances of failure*, but remembering that Hope is one of the Virtues; or to hold your neck still to the knife in the name of martyrdom.

"But just here is the crux. We are not talking about the Church Triumphant. We are talking about the Church in this world, the world of Warsaw and of Budapest, whose streets are of a drabness that squeezes the blood from the heart. In that sad light, the figure of the Polish Cardinal is a figure of hope. I say: we know nothing about these things. I say that what makes us all sick with a sickness we cannot diagnose is that, in the current crisis, the West has gained the world (or thinks it has), but has lost its own soul. I say: the Poles and the Hungarians have lost the world (or whatever makes it bearable—they live in Hell), but they have gained their own souls. What price, Power without purpose? Dulles mouthing moralities while on the streets of Budapest children patrolled the shattered housefronts, with slung rifles and tormented faces. I say those children, whatever their politics, will have grown to men while Dulles and his tribe lie howling. . . .

"That is why I keep beside Wyszynski. That is why Gomulka keeps beside him and he beside Gomulka. In each other they recognize men; they are scarce enough. How lonely these two men must be. Was ever such loneliness endured, and not made less by the knowledge, clear to both, that, under necessity, Gomulka may destroy the Cardinal before he is destroyed himself. But these men at least acted: I think we must see this clearly."

It is difficult to see clearly through to the meaning of Wyszynski's successor—now the bishop of Rome—in Poland, dealing with the successor to Gomulka. But who can deny that those of us who thought Mindszenty right, Wyszynski wrong, lacked the prophetic insight of Whittaker Chambers. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What Elijah was called (tol. *The*)
26 94 197 111 14 165 30 102

B. This was sung in movie *Wizard of Oz*
37 78 87 99 132 135 162 175 192 216
8 205 90 110

C. A late theatrical performance
42 7 64 98 122 137 183 193 217 114
84 1

D. A Woods in New Hampshire
129 138 11 200 213 195 178

E. In a first-class manner
136 125 163 202 74 91 100 150 158 119
36

F. What a tricycle is
141 31 55 65 79 145 159 171 184 49
211 207

G. What many cities were doing during World War II
148 3 209 169 12 32 53 66 85 139
173 179 63

H. Samuel Butler didn't get very far with this novel
160 223 16 140 218 168 196

I. One of the phrases used to designate the Almighty
15 19 38 50 52 220 2 56 80 23
25

J. A little flower who was put through the mill
164 146 58 48 155 127 73 17 208

K. One of the United States of Mexico
93 201 22 142 81 61 46 188 212

L. God _____ Jesus of Nazareth. *Acts* 10:38
107 154 198 24 166 190 34 157

M. People who practice brotherly love
82 27 70 203 116 121 124 187 89 214
219 222 33 44

N. People who make certain golf clubs?
97 10 153 156 172 174 18 39 43 68
189

O. In a distorted manner
4 35 41 45 54 75

P. These are duplicates of letters
133 6 13 47 57 96 176 185 20 101
126 83 112 118 147

Q. In an indecent manner
186 67 215 161 130 105

R. How most letters to Capitol Hill are read
204 62 77 86 104 106 123 134 149 117
167 59 21

S. Building air castles that would turn into nightmares if effected
210 28 60 88 108 120 128 69 92 103
151

T. To make a gift of any corporeal hereditaments to another
221 71 181 95 177 199 144

U. One acting on behalf of another
5 29 40 180 191 170 72 131

V. A round dance resembling the polka
51 9 76 143 152 182 194 109 113 115
206

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 876 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 C	2 I	3 G	4 O		5 U	6 P		7 C	8 B	9 V	10 N	11 D	12 G	13 P	14 A	15 I	16 H		17 J
18 N	19 I	20 P	21 R		22 K	23 I		24 L	25 I		26 A	27 M	28 S	29 U		30 A	31 F	32 G	
33 M	34 L	35 O		36 E	37 B	38 I	39 N		40 U	41 O	42 C	43 N	44 M		45 O	46 K	47 P	48 J	49 F
50 I		51 V	52 I		53 G	54 O	55 F	56 I	57 P	58 J	59 R	60 S		61 K	62 R	63 G		64C	65 F
66 G	67 Q	68 N	69 S	70 M	71 T	72 U	73 J	74 E	75 O		76 V	77 R	78 B	79 F		80 I	81 K	82 M	83 P
84 C	85 G	86 R	87 B	88 S		89 M	90 B	91 E	92 S	93 K	94 A	95 T	96 P		97 N	98 C		99 B	100E
101P	102A	103S	104R		105Q	106R	107L	108S	109V		110B	111A	112P	113V	114C		115V	116M	117R
118P		119E	120S	121M		122C	123R	124M	125E	126P	127J	128S	129D	130Q	131U		132B	133P	
134R	135B	136E		137C	138D	139G	140H	141F	142K		143V	144T		145F	146J	147P	148G	149R	150E
151S	152V	153N	154L		155J	156N	157L		158E	159F	160H		161Q	162B	163E	164J	165A	166L	167R
	168H	169G		170U	171F	172N		173G	174N	175B	176P		177T	178D	179G		180U	181T	
182V	183C	184F		185P	186Q	187M	188K	189N	190L	191U	192B	193C	194V	195D	196H	197A		198L	199T
	200D	201K	202E		203N	204R	205B	206V	207F	208J	209G		210S	211F	212K	213D	214M		215Q
216B	217C	218H		219M		220I	221T	222M	223H										

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No More Free Ride... For Union Officials.

Thanks to Harry Beck, American workers no longer have to support unwanted candidates or undesired political causes to keep their jobs.

Harry, who was born and grew up in LaPlata, Maryland, has worked for the telephone company for 19 years. He once belonged to the Communications Workers of America union, but resigned "because the CWA was totally impersonal to anyone except those at the top."

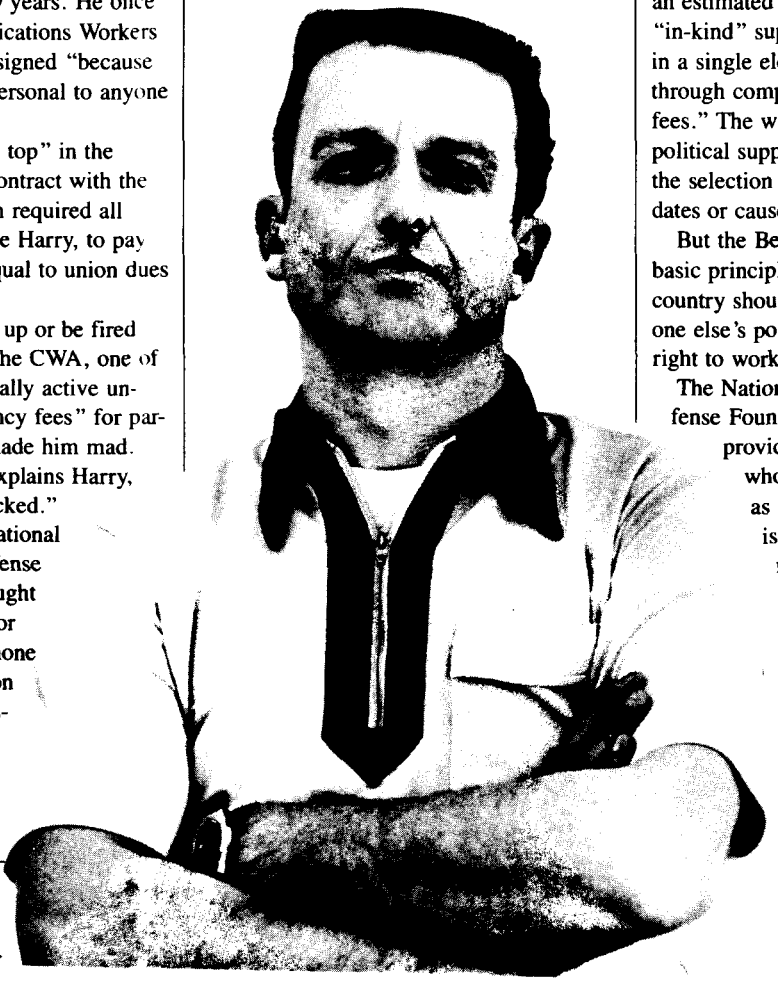
However, "those at the top" in the union then negotiated a contract with the telephone company which required all non-union employees, like Harry, to pay CWA an "agency fee" equal to union dues to stay employed.

Harry Beck had to pay up or be fired But then he learned that the CWA, one of the country's most politically active unions, was using the "agency fees" for partisan politics—and that made him mad. "They backed people," explains Harry, "I just wouldn't have backed."

With the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, suit was brought against the CWA union for Harry and 19 other telephone company workers. And on March 16, 1979, in an historic decision, a Federal court ruled that a union's collecting or spending of compulsory fees for any purpose other than collective bargaining violates the Constitutional rights of employees who object.

It was the first time that a Federal court had declared that union political spending from mandatory "agency fees" is an infringement upon the rights to free speech and association enjoyed by private sector workers.

Similar protection was established for public employees last year in the U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Abood v. Detroit Board of Education*—another case supported by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.



The potential impact of the two decisions is enormous. Union officials spend an estimated $100 million in direct and "in-kind" support on political campaigns in a single election year—most of it raised through compulsory dues or "agency fees." The workers forced to pay for this political support have rarely any voice in the selection of the union favored candidates or causes.

But the Beck decision reaffirms the basic principle that no worker in a free country should ever have to support anyone else's politics in order to retain his right to work.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, established in 1968, provides free legal aid to workers whose rights have been violated as a result of compulsory unionism. It is presently supporting more than 100 court cases involving the rights of employees across the nation.

If you'd like to help workers like Harry Beck, we'd like to hear from you.

National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 600
8316 Arlington Blvd.
Fairfax, Virginia 22038

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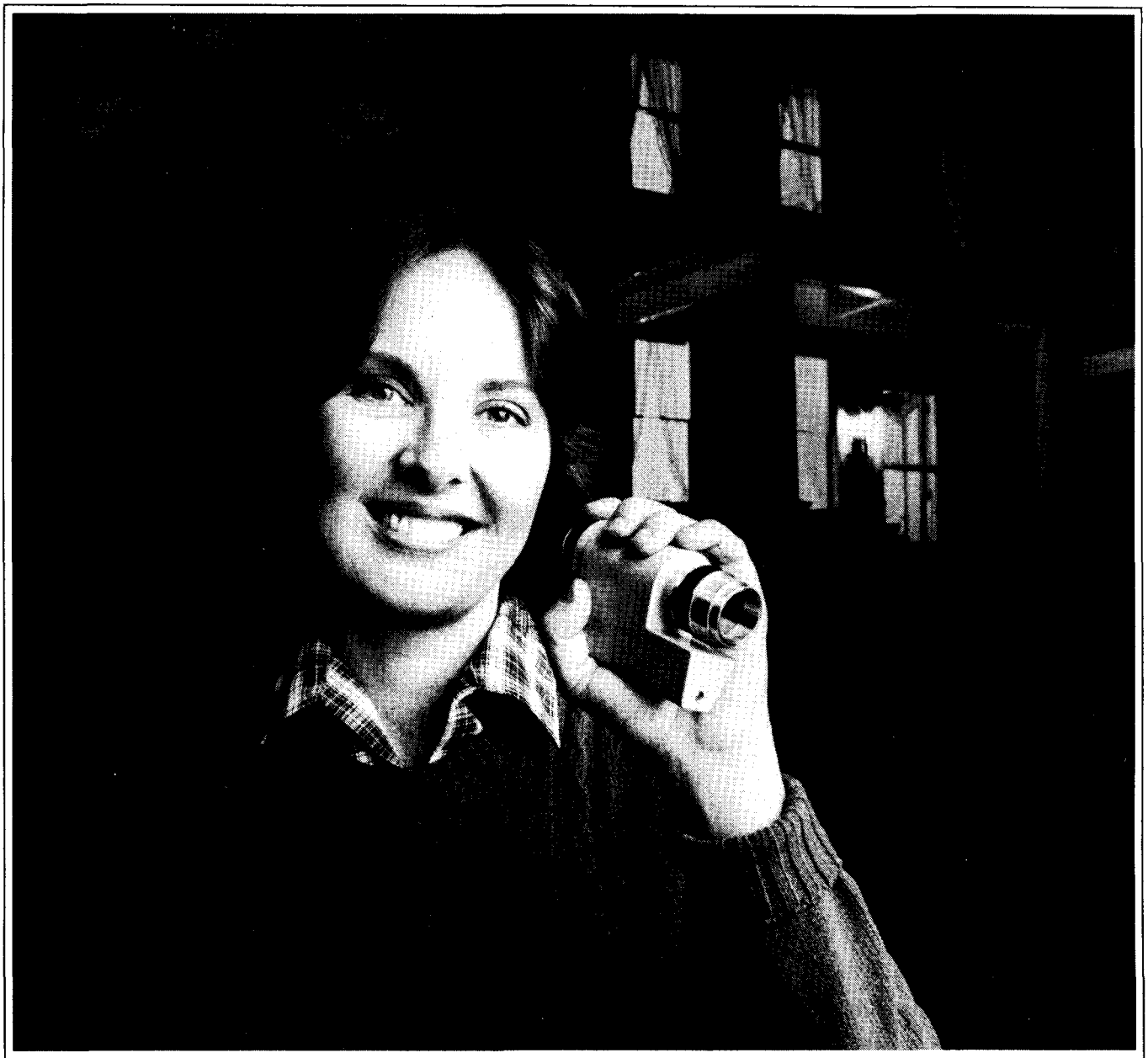

A few years ago, we helped her see in the dark. With this, we can help thousands.

A few years ago, thousands of people suffering with a certain kind of night blindness finally had a glimmer of hope.

All of these people—suffering from the early stages of a hereditary disease called retinitis pigmentosa—were introduced to some special binoculars that let them see in the dark.

Trouble was, these night-piercing binoculars were rather bulky. And too expensive for most family budgets.

Well now, there's a less expensive pocket-sized model.

And this too was created by the people of ITT, with the Army Night Vision Laboratory and the Retinitis Pigmentosa Foundation.

Like the binoculars, the new device contains complex electronic circuitry that amplifies the available light, so it's visible to many retinitis pigmentosa sufferers.

They can see well enough to walk at night by themselves, without anybody's help.

And as for price, we're selling this device at just what it costs to make.

Not that it's exactly cheap. But to someone who needs one, it can be priceless.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

If you'd like to help, send your contribution to National Retinitis Pigmentosa Foundation, 8331 Mindale Circle, Baltimore, Md. 21207.

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